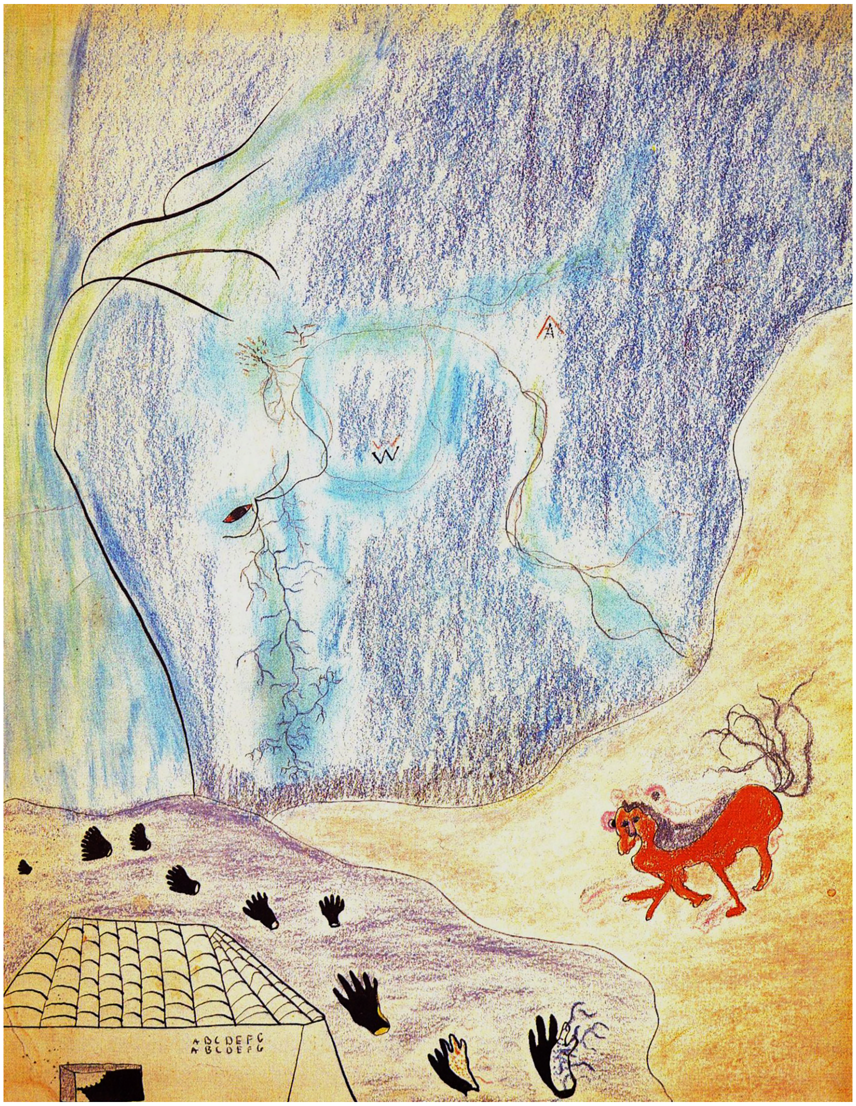
Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno

LORCA

An Operatic Cycle in Five Parts

The Original Libretto

Edited, with an Introduction
By
Karl Orend



ALYSCAMPS PRESS, PARIS

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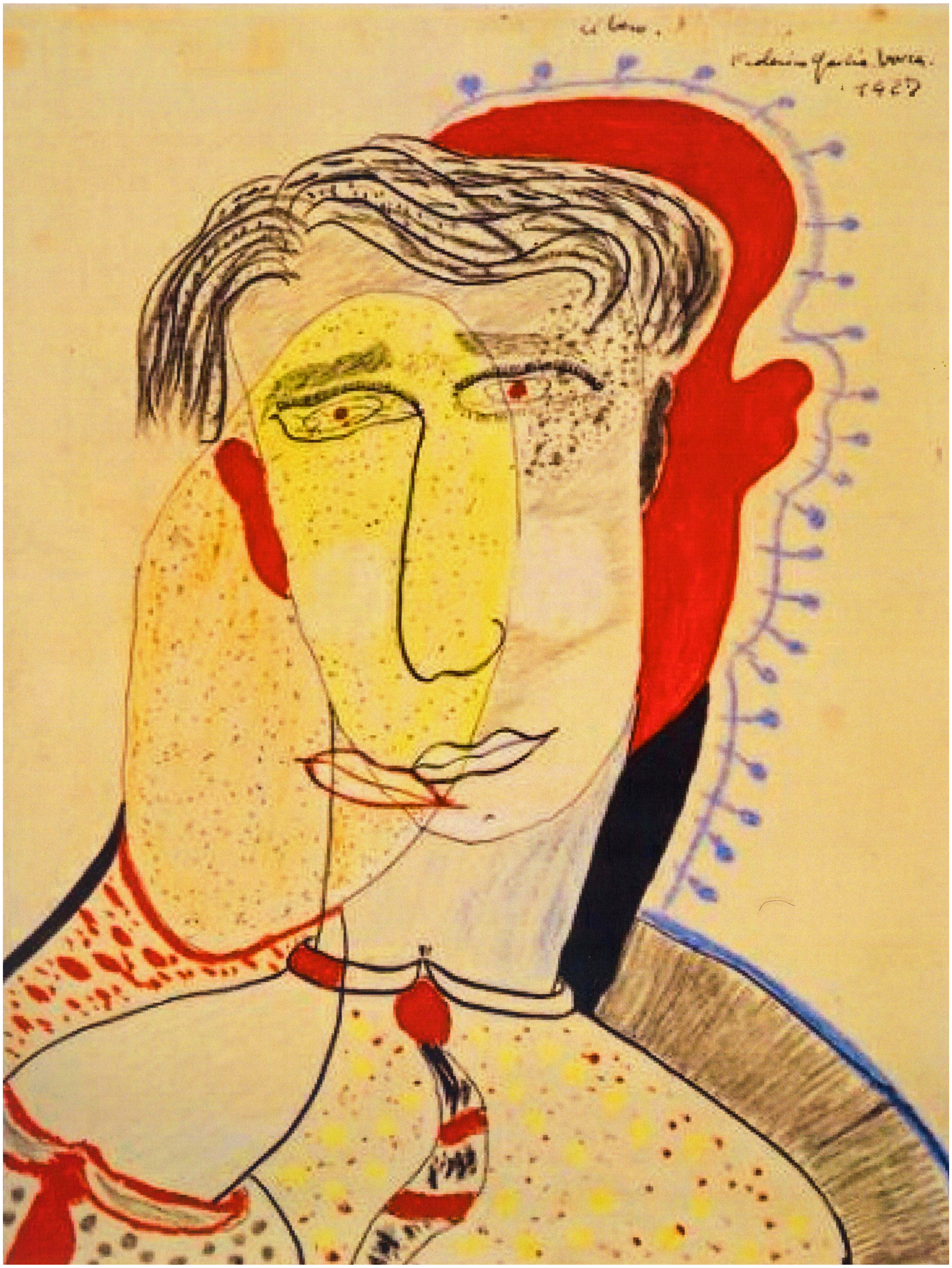
Federico García Lorca.
1927

Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno

LORCA

An Operatic Cycle in Five Parts

The Original Libretto

For Music by
Andrey Kasparov

Edited, with an Introduction
By
Karl Orend

ALYSCAMPS PRESS
PARIS

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Karl Orend publishes ALYSCAMPS PRESS books.

Book design by Karl Orend and Charles Clark.

The publisher dedicates this edition to Ian Gibson and Johann Orend.

Preface

Lorca was written at the invitation of composer Andrey Kasparov between 2011 and 2013 in Istanbul, Granada and Massachusetts. As this book goes to press Andrey is completing the music for this difficult and ambitious opera. Our collaboration has been intense, rewarding and quite wonderful. Andrey has met every challenge that I threw him with verve and aplomb, creating music that is thoroughly contemporary while at the same time echoing a variety of Spanish motifs, not to mention American jazz. I am enormously grateful for the opportunity Andrey handed me.

Acknowledgments

My greatest debt is to Andrey Kasparov who believed in me from the beginning, who made these words sing. Without Patricia Pruitt's keen eye and ear, this libretto would not be what it is. Special thanks to Karl Orend who has always been my ardent supporter and who made the publication of this libretto possible. For details of Lorca's life and character I am deeply indebted to Ian Gibson's remarkable two-volume biography *Federico García Lorca I: De Fuente Vaqueros a Nueva York* and *Federico García Lorca II: De Nueva York a Fuente Grande* and the English abridged version *Federico García Lorca: A Life.* Thanks also to Ed Foster, Michael Franco, Isabel Pinto-Franco, John High, Andrea Libin and Richard Andersen for their support. And without Lorca, whose tragic life and whose language of lyrical intensity and beauty is echoed throughout this text, there would be no story and no libretto at all.

In Part Four, the "recitative" portions of Lorca's play *Chimera* were originally published by City Lights in my translation: *Barbarous Nights: Legends and Plays from The Little Theater* (San Francisco, 1991). The arias within the play are rhymed versions, with some liberties, of what Lorca originally wrote.

Whitman's arietta in Part Five is an excerpt from his poem "Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night."

Forword

Lorca: The Libretto or The Words and Music Thing

(Adapted from a talk given at Old Dominion University, April 1, 2013)

This collaboration began in the fall of 2011 when Andrey Kasparov and his wife and musical partner Oksana Lutsyshyn invited me to give a talk on the music of Paul Bowles in conjunction with the ODU Literary Festival. The concert was phenomenal. I had never heard Bowles played so well, and with such sensitivity and adherence to his polyphonic rhythms, his intuitive sense of counterpoint, his idiomatic—albeit occasionally eccentric—expression.[1] Over the few days that I was in Norfolk, I spent a fair amount of time talking with Andrey about a host of subjects. We quickly discovered that we shared many enthusiasms and interests not only for certain composers but also for certain authors.

As it turned out, Andrey was a great devoté of both Neruda and García Lorca. Over oysters on the half-shell and vodka we began discussing opera. I mentioned that a number of years ago I had written a libretto for the Atlanta composer Richard Robinson. We talked some more about opera, and then quite to my surprise, Andrey asked me if I'd be interested in writing a libretto. "About what?" I asked. "I don't know. What interests you?" he responded. I thought for a moment: "Lorca," I said. "That's it," replied Andrey.

Well, that wasn't quite it. I had to figure out how I would fit Lorca's amazing life and his poetry and plays into a performable libretto. And Andrey had to figure out what the music would be. And then we both had to do it.

But I can say that from the moment we made our pact to write an opera together, our enthusiasm has only grown.

On my return to Istanbul, where I was then living, I began to think about what I might do. I managed to find a copy of Lorca's *Obras Completas* in the university library and began rereading Lorca from beginning to end. I should say that Lorca had always been one of my favorite poets. Indeed, as a child my mother read me his poems, and in the 60s and again in the 80s I translated some of his work. I had even toyed with the idea of writing a biography until I learned from Ian Gibson that he had already embarked on the monumental task, and had nearly completed volume one of a projected two-volume biography in Spanish. Incidentally, no one could have done it better; his single volume, English edition, remains the standard in English.

Within a couple of months of rereading Lorca assiduously, I came up with an outline for the opera: it would be in five parts: a full-length opera or five short operas. It would focus on major episodes in Lorca's adult life. Andrey responded almost immediately with fierce encouragement. I knew then that I had a true collaborator. I knew my bold idea would present him with an enormous challenge. (Three hours of music is a lot of music!) And I suspect he also sensed that this would also necessitate a very diverse series of compositional styles.

Over the next six months, I sent Andrey each part as it was written. He would comment extensively; I would revise, rethink and resend. I completed the basic libretto in the fall of 2012 and added a few small changes in 2013.

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[1] Since then Andrey and Oksana have recorded for Naxos a highly acclaimed two CD-set of the complete piano works of Paul Bowles.

Before I go on to talk in more detail the libretto, I probably ought to provide a brief sketch of Lorca's life. Federico García Lorca was born in 1898 in Fuente Vaqueros, a small town near Granada. His interest early on was in music. He began studying piano at the age of five and by the time he was ten, and living with his family in Granada, he was already quite accomplished as a pianist. But words also drew him, and as a teenager he was writing both words and music.

Words ultimately won out though he was always attracted to music, collected Andalusian folksongs, and with his friend, the composer Manuel de Falla, he organized a festival of cante jondo (deep song) in Granada. In 1919 he moved to Madrid where he lived off and on for the next five years at the Residencia de Estudiantes. There, he befriended Juan Ramón Jiménez, Luis Buñuel, Salvador Dalí, Rafael Alberti and many other others who would become major forces in 20th century arts.

By 1925 he was back in Granada. In 1928 he published *Romancero Gitano* (*Gypsy Ballads*), where he transformed various tales and legends of his native province into compelling, startling and often dark verse. Within months of its publication, Lorca was on the map, and already regarded as one of Spain's major poets. Despite his extraordinary success, Lorca was suffering increasingly from depression. Anguish over his homosexuality and a break up with a man whom he considered his lover and soulmate, sculptor Emilio Soriano Aladrén, exacerbated his anxieties. In order to put ground between himself and Granada, Lorca decided to head to New York.

He arrived in the summer of 1929, and witnessed the Wall Street crash that October. With the exception of Harlem, Lorca generally detested New York, as his book of poems *Poeta en Nueva York* makes clear. He found the city dirty, inhumane, racially divided, and consumed with and by capitalist greed. Within six months he was back in Spain where he began seriously writing work for the theatre that would make him even more famous.

With the fall of the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera in 1930, and the establishment of the socialist-leaning republic, Lorca became director of the La Barraca traveling theatre group that went from village to village performing plays "for the people." He also at this time established himself as one of the 20th century's most important playwrights with his dramas *Blood Wedding*, *Yerma*, and the *House of Bernarda Alba*.

In 1936, with the Spanish Civil War raging, Lorca was rounded up in his native Granada and murdered by the right-wing Falangists. His body has never been found. Much of his work, including *Poeta en Nueva York* was published posthumously. I actually attended the Spanish premiere of his suppressed and gay-oriented play, *El Publico*, in Madrid in January, 1987.

My libretto attempts to weave various aspects of Lorca's life and work into five acts. In writing the recitatives, I used as source material, Lorca's letters, articles, talks and notes as well as Ian Gibson's biography. For the arias, I borrowed heavily from Lorca's poetic imagery but created original lyrics. This was not easy: more times than I care to say I was often so humbled by Lorca's tremendous poetic power that I wanted to give up. But I didn't.

I decided to begin with the Residencia de Estudiantes in Madrid. I gave Lorca the major arias but also created duets for Buñuel and Dalí, and one trio for all three. My intent was to allow Andrey the opportunity to compose music that would alternate between farce and romance while also allowing him to set up the leitmotif for Lorca.

Part Two moves the action to Granada and features Manuel de Falla and Lorca along with some gypsy performers. While I had no trouble writing arias for de Falla and Lorca in English, I could not make creditable songs for the gypsy singers, so after struggling with awful lyrics in English, I did what I should have done all along: I wrote their songs in Spanish.

Part Three is the most complex, and probably the most demanding act, both musically and theatrically. It opens with the crash of 1929; moves then uptown to a party in Harlem, then to an encounter on the street with the ghost of Walt Whitman. Again, I managed to place a number of demands on Andrey. The crash scene is discordant with Lorca fulminating against the capitalist system. The uptown party requires a blues/jazz number. The scene with Whitman is ethereal.

Part Four finds Lorca back in Spain, where he is directing the La Baraca traveling theatre group. The first part of the act is an opera within the opera. I had previously translated some short plays by Lorca, and I decided to for this act to use one of the plays, Chimera, to create a mini-opera. Shorter passages of dialogue were transformed into recitative; the longer passages I made into arias. The second scene in this part contains an ariatic eulogy for Lorca's friend, the bullfighter Ignacio Sánchez Mejías, for whom he wrote his famous poem "Llanto por Ignacio Sánchez Mejías," with its famous line "…a las cinco de la tarde."

Andrey and I talked a lot about the finale. Over skype, I listened to Andey playing Bach fugues, and the more I listened, and the more we talked, we came to see that this last part would have to be conceived as a grand fugue. My job was to weave all the elements together to provide a musical basis for Andrey to do the same. And so in the last act Lorca sings down his death while all the characters in the opera return to lament his tragic fate.

A libretto places a number of demands on the writer. A librettist has to create both story and lyric. The recitatives not only advance the story but set up the arias and duets and trios. The arias and duets and trios exist in their own right, but also as lyrical expansions and comments on the recitative portions. And all of this is in service to the music. In a poem for the page you can be far more subtle. In fact, you often hope that your reader will linger over an image or a statement. For an aria, you have to be more aware of the emotion you're hoping to create. Images still matter but they have to be more readily accessible. That said, I still think the lyrics should be able to exist as poems in their own right.

For our opera the story was based on Lorca's life but obviously what I had to do was make a choice about what elements to include, and yet still manage to create a coherent and dramatic flow of events. I also was concerned with character development. Lorca, I believe, deepens as the opera progresses.

I was always thinking of how words would fit music. If a librettist is thinking only about the words, he's not serving the composer. The function of the words is to inspire the composer but also give the composer freedom to compose as he/she sees fit.

I also had to consider how my words would work within the structure of an aria. Although contemporary opera arias occasionally have unrhymed and even un-metrical lyrical passages, a regular metric is much easier to set. Since Lorca was a metrical master I also felt duty bound to write in regular meters. And since, to my ear, rhyme works better in an aria than unrhymed lines, I also opted to employ rhyme as much as possible.

I endeavored to write lyrical passages that could stand as decent poems—to me the true test of a good libretto. Lorca also helped. Not only did he work in very metrical patterns, he also knew how and when to use rhyme. In Part Three, for example, Lorca's aria, in which he rants against the capitalist system and the excesses he witnessed in New York, is largely his words translated into English. Those familiar with Lorca's marvelous *Poeta en Nueva York* will easily detect images and even lines that I freely appropriated from this sequence of poems.

A good many years ago I spent a fair amount of time talking with Virgil Thomson. We were discussing art songs and opera, and I made the comment that it must be much harder to set English than romance languages. "True, in general," he said. "But any English-language librettist worth his or her salt knows that he needs to provide as many open sounds as he can, load up his libretto with vowels." I never forgot Virgil's advice, and deliberately did my best to load up my libretto with vowels.

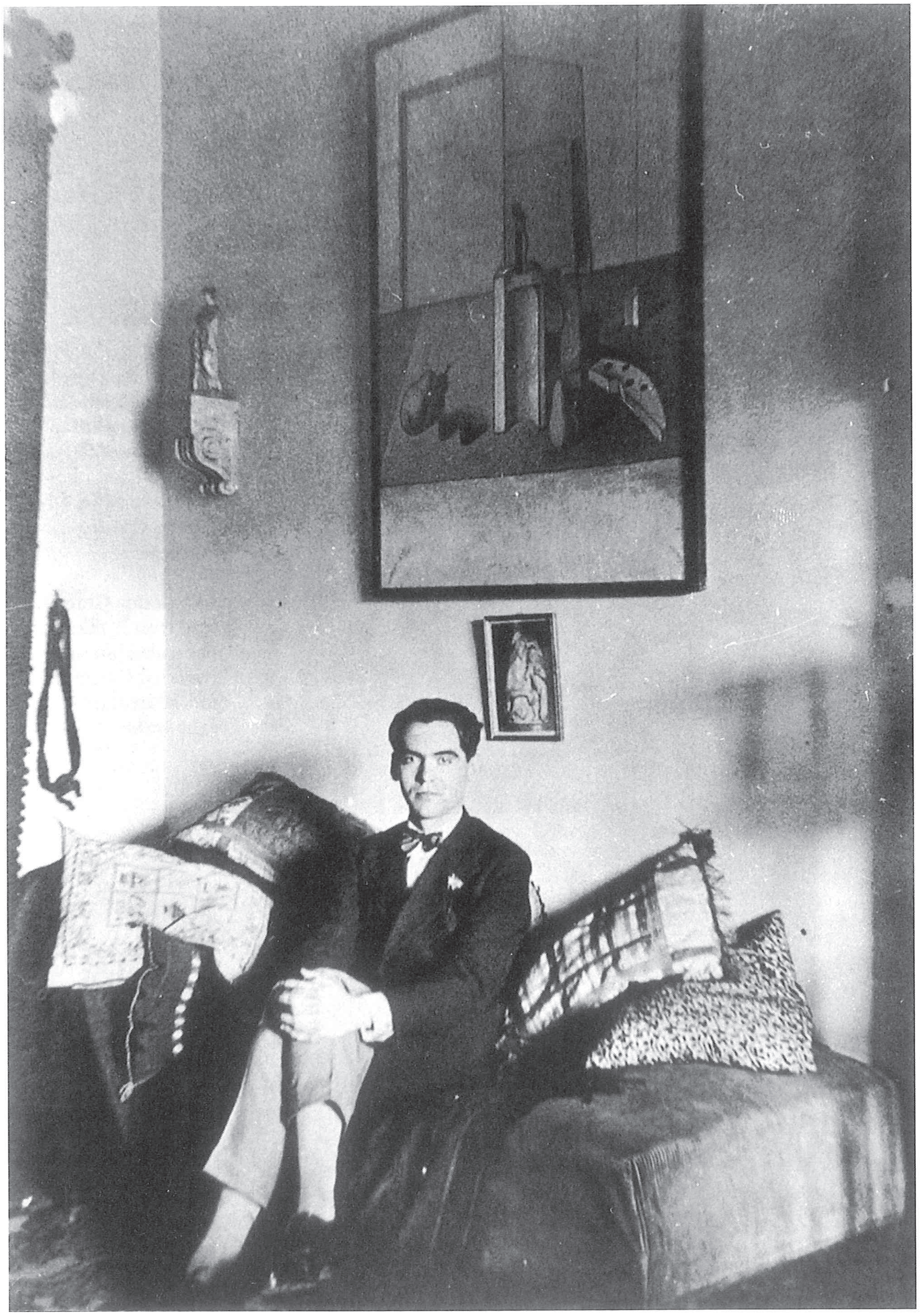
In Spanish, of course, vowels come easy. I actually thought about writing the entire libretto in Spanish but decided to write it in English for a number of reasons. First, while Andrey is an amazing polyglot, Spanish is not one of the languages he knows well. And I felt very strongly that as a composer he should have the opportunity to feel his way through the contours and nuances, through its cadences and subtleties in order to use the words as a ground for his making.

Second, I feel that opera in America deserves more quality works, and I firmly believed, and believe, that Andrey is going to create an opera that will be vital, important and resonant. The U.S. needs that.

Third, I felt that an opera in Spanish about Lorca wouldn't need a libretto: his poems could easily serve for any aria for any singer. I wanted to write a libretto. And I agree with Thomson: English is as suited to opera as is any other language so long as the librettist is paying attention to his words as sung words. And I tried to pay attention.

Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno

Turners Falls



Federico García Lorca at home in 1925, beneath a painting given to him by Dalí.

Dedication

To the memory of my mother, Anne García,
who first read me Lorca’s poems when I was a child
&
to the memory of John High, my uncle,
who began hauling me around to operas when I was three.

Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno

Federico García Lorca & Salvador Dalí.

Federico García Lorca, the musician.

LORCA: An Operatic Cycle in Five Parts

Characters in Order of Appearance

Salvador DALÍ	*COUNTER TENOR*
Luis BUÑUEL	*BASS*
Federico García LORCA	T*ENOR*
Pepín BELLO	*speaking part only*
Manuel de FALLA	*COUNTER TENOR*
ANNOUNCER	*Speaking Part Only*
Soledad MONTOYA	*SOPRANO*
Pastora PAVON	*MEZZO-SOPRANO*
Patrons of the *taberna*	*Non-Speaking parts*
FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN	*Speaking Part Only*
SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN	*Speaking Part Only*
THIRD WELL-DRESSED MAN	*Speaking Part Only*
FIRST WELL DRESSED WOMAN	*Speaking Part Only*
SECOND WELL-DRESSED WOMAN	*Speaking Part Only*
WORKER	*Speaking Part Only*
NELLA Larsen	*Speaking Part Only*
JEROME	*Speaking Part Only*
MARIA	SOPRANO
Party-goers	Non-*Speaking Parts Only*
Voice off stage (Allen Ginsberg)	

Walt WHITMAN	BASS
María del Carmen GARCÍA	*CONTRALTO*
Rafael Rodríquez RAPÚN	*Bass*
Various stage hands	*Non-Speaking parts*

Within the play *Chimera*:

ENRIQUE	*BARITONE*
WIFE (GARCÍA)	*CONTRALTO*
OLD MAN (RAPÚN)	*BASS*
LITTLE GIRL	*Speaking part only*
LITTLE BOY	*Speaking part only*
VOICES	*Speaking parts only*

Part One
Residencia de Estudiantes Madrid 1923

Characters

Salvador DALÍ	*COUNTER TENOR*
Luis BUÑUEL	*BASS*
Federico García LORCA	T*ENOR*
Pepín BELLO	*speaking part only*

Part One
Residencia de Estudiantes in Madrid 1923

The main parlor of the Residencia. There are several comfortable, overstuffed armchairs and a Victorian couch and settee around the periphery of the room. An assortment of books, magazines, neatly arranged, are piled up on the low end tables next to the chairs. A piano sits mid-stage. A Victrola, with a record cabinet, are upstage. On the walls between large windows hang very tasteful, very placid, very un-modern 19th Century landscapes and portraits. Upstage wide stairs vanish into the curtain.

Orchestral music with an early-modern feel, somewhat jaunty and playful.

> [*Enter* DALÍ *and* BUÑUEL. *Both are in their early twenties.* DALÍ *is dressed rather flamboyantly in traditional dark jodhpurs, baggy above the knee, that are stuffed into a pair of calf-length boots. He wears a loose white shirt, open at the wide, soft collar. He has a vermillion cape loosely draped around his shoulders. His hair is short and glistening with oil. He has only the slightest suggestion of a mustache.* BUÑUEL *wears a British tailored three-piece suit, white shirt, tie, jacket buttoned. His shoes are shiny, perhaps patent leather. He is clean shaven and his fashionably long black hair is slicked straight back. The two are clearly in the middle of a conversation. Peals of laughter come from both of them. At centerstage, near the piano, they stop in mid-stride. In an exaggerated gesture* DALÍ *cocks his hand over his ear, intently listening. From offstage are heard the light sounds of footsteps.*]

> [*Orchestral music ceases.*]

RECITATIVE: DALÍ & BUÑUEL

DALÍ: Who's coming? [DALÍ *removes his hand from his ear.*]

BUÑUEL: Don Juan Ramón Jiménez?

DALÍ*:* No, no. The gait is much too slow and much too light. Don Juan Ramón glides, dances arabesques as he strolls.

> [*The footsteps are slightly louder now.*]

BUÑUEL: Perhaps it's Marinetti come from Italy unannounced to preach to us his futurist gospel.

DALÍ: It can't be. The footsteps are in the here and now.

> [*The footsteps are louder now.*]

BUÑUEL: True. It can't be Picasso, either. He's still in Paris—the bum. But the steps are most definitely Spanish. And melodious. Ah! It's a musician.

> [*The footsteps are much louder now.*]

DALÍ: Then it must be Don Manuel come from Granada in his three-cornered hat. He must have sneaked in last night while we were sleeping.

BUÑUEL: Or when we were out carousing.

[*The footsteps are becoming increasingly loud.*]

DALÍ: No, no, no. I was wrong. It can't be de Falla. There's too much counterpoint in his footfalls.

BUÑUEL: Well then it's a lovestruck cockroach chasing a butterfly.

[*The footsteps are very loud now.*]

DALÍ: Exactly.

[LORCA *appears at the top of the stairs, pauses, looks down at* DALÍ *and* BUÑUEL. *He is dressed in wrinkled gray trousers, white shirt with black bow tie, a somewhat worn black jacket, and rather scuffed lace-up shoes. He is clean shaven, his short hair somewhat tousled. He carries in his hand some music scores.*]

BUÑUEL: I told you.

DALÍ and BUÑUEL: It's the Andalusian dog!

DUET: DALÍ & BUÑUEL

BUÑUEL:
The Andalusian dog descends
to join us in the parlor.
When he arrives
the evening ascends
with a truly cosmic ardor.

BUÑUEL & DALÍ:
Federico, Federico come on down
The day won't be complete
until you join us as we clown.
Federico, Federico come on down
We wait for you, our dearest friend
our poet of renown..

DALÍ:
Federico, Federico, dearest friend,
it's well past time when
our festivities should begin.
I've told you more than once
that you could never be putrescent.
I've stated more than twice
you're our most distinguished resident.
And everyone who pays attention knows

you're Andalusia's greatest champion.
And Luis and I both know
you are our most faithful companion.

BUÑUEL: Federico, Federico, dearest friend,
whenever you're around
I hear peculiar sounds.
I hear celestial music playing
in whatever you are saying.
Images go spinning
like sabers across the moon
violins and mandolins
converge until they swoon.

DALÍ: Federico, Federico, dearest friend,
don't take umbrage at our games.
You know despite our jests we love you true
and even if the world goes up in flames
we're here to burn with you.
Come to us in flesh and bone
let your pulsing blood-red heart
echo from the stones.

BUÑUEL & DALÍ: Federico, Federico come on down
We wait for you, our dearest friend
our poet of renown. .

[LORCA *descends a few more stairs. He looks down at* DALÍ *and* BUÑUEL.]

ARIA: LORCA

LORCA: Luis and Salvador
I'll come to you
but drop that
'Andalusian dog' biz
if you please.

[*Orchestral music continues as* LORCA *descends the remaining stairs, keeping his eyes on* DALÍ *and* BUÑUEL. *He walks to center stage a few feet from his friends.*]

I'm here to tell you
that the blood red moon
swims out of a sea
where mermaids row
their ghostly barque
into the restless green.
Over the rusty fields

where ancient olive trees cling
the blackening sky
twists into night
and only frozen stars beam.
The silence we hear
is a thunderous silence
whose monstrous head rears
as valleys collapse,
where echoes go searching
for voices that disappeared.
And the night bends its forehead down
down, down toward the ground.
On the yellow winds
the bells begin to ring
and down the dusty road
Death begins to sing
as she strums her white guitar
and sings and sings and sings.
Under the glowing canopy
of midnight's silver stars
Death strums her white guitar
her bone-white old guitar
and sings and sings and sings
under the new morning's stars.

RECITATIVE: DALÍ, BUÑUEL & LORCA

DALÍ *and* BUÑUEL: [*clapping*] Bravo, bravo!

BUÑUEL: Federico, you are always full of the most delightful surprises.

DALÍ: You blaze, you shine, my friend. The stars surely twinkle in the stratosphere whenever you appear.

LORCA: It's just a ditty.

BUÑUEL: Then it's a resplendent ditty.

DALÍ: We were waiting for you so that we could play a few rounds of anaglyphs.

LORCA: I'm in. [*He places the music on the piano.*]

BUÑUEL: Who wants to start. Salvador?

DALÍ: Sure. Brandy. Brandy. The hen. Putrefaction.

BUÑUEL: Bravo. But a brandy would be nice. But here in this illustrious house, they serve us only tea. All right, my turn. I'm inspired by Federico: The olive trees. The olive trees. The hen. Ineffable scorpions.

LORCA: Not bad, even if you did steal my olive grove. Crinoline. Crinoline. The hen. Crystal rivers.

BUÑUEL: That's no good. It makes sense. Crinoline evokes crystal rivers. Go again.

LORCA: I guess you're right. Archers. Archers. The hen. Grapevine stems.

DALÍ: Much better. The clock. The clock. The hen. Madonna's mustache.

BUÑUEL: Good one. The piano. The piano. The hen. Rotting donkey.

LORCA: I like that.

DALÍ: Me, too. But I can actually see a putrescent donkey on top of a grand piano. It may be too logical.

LORCA: I think he should still have a point.

DALÍ: I'm not arguing.

LORCA: My turn. River roses. River roses. The hen. A serpent's ancient kiss.

DALÍ: Damn. That's good.

BUÑUEL: But it's a poem. Federico always makes poems.

DALÍ: But it still works.

BUÑUEL: I'm not saying it doesn't. I'm just saying that Federico is a poet. He's always a poet, even when we're playing with nonsense.

LORCA: This isn't nonsense. This is life.

BUÑUEL: But isn't life nonsense?

LORCA: Not always. Life is a path overflowing with daisies and scurrying, multi-colored lizards.

DALÍ: Indeed! But you forgot Death playing a bone-white guitar.

BUÑUEL: That's too serious for me.

[*In response,* LORCA *takes an exaggerated pratfall to the stage. He then rolls slowly onto his back.*]

LORCA: Farewell dear friends. [*As if in agony.*] Death is playing her bone-white guitar just for me. [*He writhes. Then rolls his head to his side.*]

BUÑUEL: You shouldn't have mentioned Death and her guitar.

DALÍ: But death is part of life. And no one knows it better than our dear departed Federico.

DUET: DALÍ & BUÑUEL

Federico, Federico come back to life
We miss you too severely to go on
Federico, Federico end our grief
We wait for you, our dearest friend
Please show this is not the end
Federico, Federico our friend.

Federico, Federico come back to us
You've got poems and plays to write.
Federico, Federico this isn't just.
We wait for you, our dearest friend
Please show this is not the end
Federico, Federico our friend.

RECITATIVE: DALÍ, BUÑUEL & LORCA

[LORCA *begins to stir, then gradually sits up.*]

LORCA: I'm still here. [*He looks around incredulously*.] I'm alive again. How did that happen?

DALÍ: Death did not strum her guitar. She only walked by. But you—so sensitive--heard her approach and she sent you into a swoon.

BUÑUEL: Who won, anyway?

DALÍ: Federico. He's back with us.

BUÑUEL: I mean the match. The anaglyph game.

LORCA: It was tie between you [*standing up and pointing to BUÑUEL*] and Salvador. I was too logical, remember?

BUÑUEL: Ah yes.

DALÍ*:* Why don't you play for us, Federico to celebrate your glorious resurrection?

BUÑUEL: Or at least his re-erection.

[LORCA *quickly looks pointedly at his crotch, then, smiling, sits down at the piano.*]

DALÍ: What are you going to entertain us with, Federico the resurrected, the re-erected?

LORCA: A song from my country. An Andalusian song. A gypsy song.

BUÑUEL: Is it a poem set to music?

LORCA: All poetry wants to be music and all music is poetry. So yes, it's poetry. And yes it's music. I arranged it, myself.

ARIA: LORCA

[LORCA *plays and sings* Cancionero de Baena]

Ora, ora, niño, ora;
¿quién vos hai de dar la teta
si tu pai va no monte
y tua mai na leña seca?

A la nana, nana, nana,
a la nanita de aquel
que llevó el caballo al agua
y lo dejó sin beber...,

RECITATIVE: DALÍ, BUÑUEL, LORCA & BELLO

BUÑUEL: Bravo, bravo Federico. The gypsies have invaded the Residencia.

[He mimics a flamenco dance. LORCA *spontaneously begins to play a malagueña on the piano.* LORCA *and* DALI *shout 'Oles'*]

[*Enter* BELLO. BUÑUEL *continues to dance*.]

BELLO: [*Shouting*] Luis, Luis. Telephone.

BUÑUEL: [*Stopping his dance.*] Who is it?

BELLO: It's the queen of Aragon.

BUÑUEL: [*He turns t*o LORCA *and* DALÍ.] Gentlemen, my mother. I must take this call. Which is to say I'll be away from your delightful company for a while.

[Exit BUÑUEL and BELLO.]

DALÍ: This might be bad news. Luis's father is dying, you know.

LORCA: Yes, I know. Let's hope the news is the opposite, and that the old man has made a miraculous recovery, just as I did a few moments ago when Death did not strum her guitar. How terrible if it really is such black news. Salvador, I have a song I've been working on for a while. I want to play it for you. It's just for you, no one else. It's a serious song, Salvador. A song from my heart. A song from my soul. It's not an easy one to sing.

DALÍ: Songs that come from the heart and soul are never easy to sing. But let me hear it. It's not about death, though, is it?

LORCA: No, the opposite.

[LORCA *sits at the piano. He has no score in front of him. He plays a few bars, then stops.]*

LORCA: I can't. Maybe later. [*He jumps up from the piano.*]

DALÍ: Oh, come on, Federico. I want to hear it. You said you wrote it for me.

LORCA: Yes, I did. And that's the problem.

DALÍ: Federico, sit back down at the piano and play me your song.

[LORCA *sits back down at the piano.*]

LORCA: In a century of zeppelins and idiotic death I sit at my piano weeping.

DALÍ: Don't weep. Play.

ARIA: LORCA

The open seconds
nail their roots into my heart
I must speak now,
I must find a way to start
to say what the lily
growing in my soul must speak
but I tremble
and my tongue goes weak.
I am not so bold
as the wonderful Verlaine
who carried for Rimbaud
a love he dared to name.
Eyes fix on me
from every corner of the room
I struggle to see sunlight
but find only my black tomb.
How to say it, how to say it
when my words go up in fire

how do I tell you
about this dark desire?
How do I tell you
it's more than friendship that I seek
when on the horizon
the seas teem with tangled wrecks?
How do I express
the feelings that burn in me
explain how my blood cries out
to hold you tenderly?
Sorrow plays roughly with my soul
black angels hover around my head
I yearn to know
how my saying must be said.
Shall I tell you that without you
no flowers can ever bloom
that death's dark messengers
come to drag me from this room?
Shall I say that an avalanche
threatens to bury me alive
that without your beating heart
I have no hope I can survive?
The days are strewn with promises
I hope that we can keep
but the night comes down with daggers
and flashing blades that slash me deep.
How do I tell you
my dearest Salvador
that you are truly
the only one that I adore?

ARIA: DALÍ

Federico, Federico I love you, too
but my love is not so free,
is not the same
as that you feel for me.
You are a starfish
floating gently in the sea
and I anchored in the deep
am an alluring anemone.
There beneath the soundless waves
we live in harmony
but I am fixed in place
and you may roam eternally.
I feel the agony
you carry in your breast
I wish I could release you

allow your soul some rest.
Federico, Saint Sebastian
the arrows pierce your flesh
and I know that I'm the archer
who authors your distress.
But Federico please
know this and know it now
I love you, yes I do
and to your tender heart I bow.
But your most ardent desire
cannot ever be my own
my desire lives in another place,
it seeks a different home.
I am honored by your tenderness
I am not shocked at your speech
my love for you will never change
but another lover you must seek.

DUET: DALÍ & LORCA

LORCA: Salvador, I understand.

DALÍ: I know it causes you such pain.

LORCA: Salvador, this wasn't planned.

DALÍ: I'm sorry my desire is not the same.

LORCA: Salvador, I'll always love you so.

DALÍ: And I will always love you, too.

LORCA: We'll live side by side like poppies grow.

DALÍ: Or like the lilies and peonies do.

LORCA: And our firm friendship will never die.

DALÍ: No, not even when our blooms begin to fade.

LORCA: Or when our withered petals on a breeze begin to fly.

DALÍ: Yes, they'll soar together in sun and shade.

LORCA: Your tender heart I always will adore.

DALÍ: Federico, you'll always be my dearest friend.

LORCA: How could I really wish for more?

DALÍ: I feel so strongly the love you send.

LORCA: Oh, my cherished, Salvador.

DALÍ: By night, by day we'll carry on.

LORCA: Down roads we'll travel from sea to shore.

DALÍ: And we'll sing our friendship as we go along.

LORCA: The sun rises on your smile.

DALÍ: The day sets on your longing soul.

LORCA: The world stretches out for us mile after mile.

DALÍ: And together, through rain and wind, we'll go.

LORCA: I hail the chaste passion that you send.

DALÍ: And Federico, I hail your love.

LORCA: I know we're destined only to be friends.

DALÍ: But without this bond no stars shine above.

LORCA: Nor are there lilies blooming in the fields.

DALÍ: Nor are there oceans swimming into shore.

LORCA: Like a fading rose I hold no shield.

DALÍ: But a rose bloom does not caress its thorn.

LORCA: And so it is with us my friend.

DALÍ: You the rose blossom and I the thorn.

LORCA: Inseparable until the end.

DALÍ: There's no need for us to be forlorn.

LORCA & DALÍ: Love leapt up and spoke its name
but in different tongues,
and though our desire is not the same

arm and arm we are together
until the gods blot out the sun,
until the gods blot out the sun.

[*They embrace*]

Curtain

Part Two
Granada 1924

Characters

Federico García LORCA	T*ENOR*
Manuel de FALLA	*COUNTER TENOR*
ANNOUNCER	*Speaking Part Only*
Soledad MONTOYA	*SOPRANO*
Pastora PAVON	*MEZZO-SOPRANO*
Manuel TORRE	*FLAMENCO GUITAR AND TENOR*
Patrons of the *taberna*	*Non-Speaking parts*

Part Two
Scene One
House of Manuel de Falla in Granada 1924

The small parlor of Falla's house. It is a spare room with whitewashed walls. At upstage center a door opens into a hallway. The doorway is flanked by ladder-back chairs above which hang modernist paintings. At rear stage right, a few feet from the door, there is an upright piano. On the piano top are neatly-arranged photos in frames. A score is spread out on the music holder above the keyboard. Above the piano is a large painting. At center stage right there is a blue-flowered settee. At center stage right is an armchair with matching fabric. Paintings hang on the walls. A small circular table sits between the armchair and the settee. A couple of other ladder-back chairs are scattered around the room. FALLA *sits at the piano playing* Fantasía Bética. FALLA *is in his mid-forties but looks somewhat older. He is clean-shaven, and wears a gray suit, white shirt, a black bow tie. He is bald. His shoes are patent leather.* LORCA *is in his early twenties and wears a blue suit with a mauve shirt, the collar unbuttoned, and ankle-length brown boots.* LORCA *sits in the armchair opposite the piano, intently listening.*

RECITATIVE: FALLA & LORCA

LORCA: Bravo, Maestro. Bravo. Your *Fantasía* is amazing. You've got all of Andalusia in that piece. It's truly an extraordinary homage to our heritage, our patrimony.

FALLA: [*turns to* LORCA] Thank you Federico, thank you.

LORCA: My struggle, Don Manuel, as I was telling you earlier, is to create in verse what you have already created so perfectly in your music. I want to get that same quality you have of melancholy, but also of jubilation, that is, our own tradition. I want to make, as you have made, something new and passionate and dark and brimming with emotion. I want to make my poems sing the way that you do, the way that Andalusians sing.

FALLA: Well, then do just that. I simply took what was all around us, all that's already here for the taking. Keep opening yourself to it, Federico. That's all you have to do. It will write itself if you let it. Do just what you did in your *Cante Jondo* poems.

LORCA: But that's just it, Don Manuel. I want to make a new book, the poem of Andalusia. I'm calling it *Gypsy Ballads* but that's only because gypsies are the best known representatives of Granada. But the main characters will not really be gypsies. The protagonist is Granada itself. Of course it will have gypsies, but also horses, angels, planets, Sephardic winds, rivers, crimes, the everyday touch of the smuggler and the heavenly touch of children.

FALLA: Yes, yes. That is our Granada.

LORCA: But I don't want it to be picturesque. I want it to be anti-picturesque. I want it to capture the *duende* that pervades the air here, that leaks from the Silla de Moro to the Albaicín to

Sacromonte and onto the Vega I want to tell the truth about Granada. I want to tell the dark tales, too. For all its light and gardens, Granada is also home to the most murderous bastards on the face of the earth. And I don't mean the gypsies. I mean those men who wear so jauntily on their skulls of death not your tri-cornered hat but those black patent-leather ones: The Civil Guard.

ARIA: LORCA

The moon flows like a river
through the olive groves,
slices the red earth of life
singing as it goes.

The moon cares not for its beauty.
It cares not for its beams.
It sends out its long memory
in incandescent dreams.

It wallows over the snow-capped peaks.
It shines on a sea in rage.
It sings a hymn for the broken bird
trapped in a rotting cage.

The lizard howls so plaintively
as it forages in the sand.
The moon flees across the sky
holding a child in its hand.

The gypsies shout and weep
as the darkened moon hurtles by.
The Civil Guards are coming
Fly, child, fly.

Those bleak guardians of the open road
the Civil Guards are coming
the gypsies with their burdens
at once all take to running.

Oh moon don't vanish now
protect us from the evil
of those murderous Civil Guards
who are anything but civil.

Oh please, give me water
the beaten gypsy cries.
But the Civil guardsman kicking him
only spits in his blackened eyes.

The guardsman draws his pistol
and in the Andalusian gloom
fires into the battered gypsy's heart
as a cloud swims out of the moon.

And the moon flows like a sleepwalker
through the greening olive groves,
and pierces our red earth of death
tenderly weeping as it goes.

RECITATIVE: FALLA & LORCA

FALLA: Aye, Federico. Yes, yes, you have *duende*. If anyone has *duende* you have it. It's in your tender soul.

LORCA: I am a pale imitation of those *cantaores* who sing of our Andalusia. But thank you, Don Manuel.

FALLA: But your song is so dark, so very dark, the vision, the words, that melody.

LORCA: That's because *Cante Jondo* only sings at night. It doesn't know anything about morning or evening. It only knows the night, a deep star-studded night. Everything else is forgotten. It's an agile azure archer shooting golden arrows that pierce the heart. And its quiver is never emptied. But you know all that.

FALLA: There is also light, Federico. And love, and the radiant sun. And God's glory. Think of the gardens of the Generalife, the Veda below us. God's holy light also shines on us and on everything, on the Moor's Seat and on your little lizard and broken bird.

DUET: FALLA & LORCA

FALLA: Oh sun shine down on me.
In your shimmering rays I see
God's handiwork upon the plain
that stretches out for me.

Let the Andalusian breeze
whisper through the trees
send its glorious breath to blow
across the bounteous seas.

In the heat of the day
even on fields of clay
the tulips and the jonquils bloom
resplendent in their array.

Let God's light always beam
on this paradisical scene
of olive groves and fragrant orange trees
Lift up your hearts and sing.

Upon this hill I stand
Bowing to Your command
Watching Your miracles come into bloom
across this sacred land.

Your blesséd love I sing
that pervades everything.
To mark your blessing on us all
let every church bell ring.

LORCA: When they saw you, Mighty God
alive in the sacrament
the women who huddled along the wall
sang your holy testament.

They saw you naked there
with your beating heart so full
like that of a mischievous child
running from seven young bulls.

You are alive, my dearest Lord, they said
On earth, not in the stars.
Your throbbing heart is that of a frog
that doctors place in sterile jars.

The night of rooftops that defy the storms,
hiss in the dried eyes of the doves.
Algae and crystal attempt to transform
the shoulders of all cities into wet silver gloves.

To murder the nightingale, three thousand men
came armed with shimmering knives.
Night of the white face. No night without face.
Beneath the sun and the moon without eyes.

Two opposite halves and a man who knows not
when his butterfly will flee from the clocks.
World, you already know your desolation will end
in the endless horror of your wailing flocks.

Oh Lamb, captured in three equal voices,
of your cross please help us make sense.

We are men of snow who lovingly ponder your
immutable Sacrament of love and obedience.

RECITATIVE: FALLA & LORCA

FALLA: Federico, you've been spending too much time with those free thinkers at the Residencia. You have *duende*, yes, I'd never dispute that. But you should not blaspheme your creator.

LORCA: Don Manuel, I'm sorry I upset you. But it's not blasphemy. The Holy Sacrament is a mystery, like life, like death. That's what I was trying to probe.

FALLA: The heart of our savior likened to that of a frog in a jar? Federico, be humble before the Lord.

LORCA: It just came to me like that. Images come, and I think it would be blasphemy to ignore them. Maybe they are sent by God, I don't know. But I'm grateful for them when they come. And I use them, even if I don't know their origin, or even sometimes what they mean.

FALLA: Let's not argue about this. But please, Federico, do think about what you're doing, what you are saying. You know I have nothing but admiration for your talent—your genius. But stick to moons and Granada and gypsies and love and leave our Savior alone if you cannot in your heart celebrate Him.

LORCA: Don Manuel, please forgive me. I don't mind upsetting people who deserve it but I can see I caused you pain. And for that I'm truly sorry. You didn't deserve that. You're not one I wish to hurt.

FALLA: I accept your words. Let's not talk about it further. Besides we need to get down the hill so as not to miss Pastora.

[*Curtain*]

Part Two
Scene Two

Alameda Tavern in Granada 1924

The small tavern is packed. Small tables cluttered with drinks and tapas are ringed with chairs. The male and female patrons, among them LORCA *and* FALLA*, dressed in various styles from formal to casual attire, sit quietly. On the bare stage is a piano. A guitarist, Manuel* TORRE, *sits slightly stage left in a straight-backed chair holding a guitar. He is middle-aged, with straight-black hair. He wears a white shirt, open at the collar, black pants and black boots. At center stage is the* ANNOUNCER. *He is an older man, with gray hair, and a white mustache. He wears a dark suit with a black tie and oxfords.*

RECITATIVE: ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER: And now for her final song of the night, I bring back the beautiful, talented soul of Andalusia, Miss Soledad Montoya, accompanied again by none other than Granada's most illustrious guitarist, Don Manuel Torre.

[*Enter from stage right* MONTOYA. *She is a young woman in her late twenties. Her long black hair is pinned on top of her head, her cheeks are rouged and lips are painted bright red. She is dressed flamboyantly in a long red skirt with white blouse. She wears calf-length black boots. As she enters, the* ANNOUNCER *exits*.]

[*Exuberant applause.* TORRE *begins to play.*]

ARIA: MONTOYA

En la noche morada
llena de navajas
el amor se fue
el amor se fue
con la luciérnaga.

Ay! Ay!

Se fue la luciérnaga
en la madrugada
con mi amor
con mi amor
se fue la luciérnaga.

Ay! Ay!

Sobre las montañas

se fue la luciérnaga
con mi amor
con mi amor
sobre la nevada afilada.

Ay! Ay!

Sobre la encrucijada
se fue la luciérnaga
con mi amor, ay!
con mi amor, Ay!
Enterradme con la guitarra.

AyYay! AyYay!

[*Numerous cries of Bravo, Bravo amidst wild applause.* MONTOYA *blows kisses at the audience.* LORCA *stands and raises his glass to her. She makes a slight bow in acknowledgment, then exits the stage and sits at a front table. Enter* ANNOUNCER *from stage right, clapping and crying Ay! Ay!*]

RECITATIVE: ANNOUNCER & PASTORA

ANNOUNCER: Brava! Brava! Thank you Miss Montoya. Thank you. And now, esteemed guests, I present to you the incomparable, the stunning, the fabulous *cantaora* Pastora Pavon, La Niña de los Peines.

[*PAVON, who has been sitting at the front table, mounts the stage. She is a young woman in her early twenties. Her long black hair is pinned up on top of her head with many sparkling combs. Her cheeks are rouged and her lips are painted bright red. Long hoop earrings dangle from her ears. She is dressed in a long flowing red and black dress. She wears calf-length brown boots. As she enters, the* ANNOUNCER *exits*.]

[*Exuberant applause.*]

PASTORA: Another hand please, for Soledad! [*Exuberant applause.*] Come on, louder. [*The applause becomes louder.*] LOUDER! [*The applause becomes noticeably louder.*] Yes, yes, that's the way it should be. Thank you. And thank you Soledad. I would also like to salute our distinguished guests tonight, Don Manuel de Falla and Don Federico García Lorca in whom *cante jondo* dwells. [LORCA *and* FALLA *stand, acknowledge* PASTORA *and the crowd. Applause meets them. They sit back down.* PASTORA *nods to* TORRE *who begins to play.*]

ARIA: PASTORA

En la aurora roja
salen largos sollozos.
Una voz entrecortada

bajo el naranjo
canta su tristesa.

Los sollozos escapan
por su tierna boca
y disparan
sobre la sierra
que aspira su tristesa.

Los pájaritos en los ramos
durmiendo en el naranjo
escuchan a sus sollozos
y sus pequeños picos,
emiten también sollozos.

Y la rana y el toro
en el viejo campo
escuchan a sus sollozos
y como los pájaritos
comienzan a emitir sollozos.

Tan lleno de dolor
son los sollozos
que incluso los naranjos
empiezan a llorar
y se mueren de amor sus ramos.
Se mueren de amor sus ramos.

Ay! Ay! Ay!

[*Numerous cries of Bravo, Bravo and Ay! Ay! amidst wild applause.*]

RECITATIVE: PASTORA

PASTORA: Thank you. Thank you very much. Soledad, shall we? [*She extends her hand to*

MONTOYA *sitting in front of her.*] Manuel? [*She turns to* TORRE.] El Jinete y las Hermanas? [TORRE *nods approvingly.* MONTOYA *mounts the stage. Wild applause.*]

TRIO: TORRE, PASTORA & SOLEDAD

TORRE: Viene un jinete en una jaca negra
y se detiene bajo la terraza.
Arriba las hermanas bellas
y preciosas le esperan.

¡ Permítame subir!
a la terraza alta
no puedo sobrevivir
si no puedo alcanzar a la terraza.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí. Súbete a la terraza.

PASTORA: No. No. Quédate abajo.

SOLEDAD: ¿Qué tienes en tu mano de primavera?

TORRE: Tengo una rosa encarnada
y una blanca azucena
pero no puedo dártelas
si no puedo llegar a la terraza.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Sí. Sí, Súbete a la terraza.

PASTORA: No. No. Quédate abajo.

PASTORA: ¿Qué tienes en tu mano de invierno?

TORRE: Tengo un cuchillo grande
y una espada larga
con que puedo matarme
si no puedo subir a la terraza.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Sí, sí, Súbete a la terraza.

PASTORA: No. No. Quédate abajo.

TORRE: Se ha llenado de estrellas
y una luna amarilla
mi corazón de seda,
pero no puedo dártelas
si no puedo subir a la terraza.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí. Súbete a la terraza.

PASTORA: No. No. Quédate abajo.

PASTORA: No puedo hacer nada
con una luna amarilla.
¿No tienes una joya
en tu corazón de seda?

TORRE: Tengo un alma sincero.
Tengo un corazón de seda
pero no tengo un anillo.
no tengo una joya.

SOLEDAD: Pues, súbete a la terraza
con tu corazón de seda.
No necesito un anillo
no necesito una joya
si tienes un alma sincero.
Sí, Sí. Súbete a la terraza.

PASTORA: No. No. Quédate abajo
si no tienes un anillo,
si no tienes dinero.
¿Qué puedo hacer
con un alma sincero?

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí. Súbete a la terraza.

PASTORA: No. No. Quédate abajo.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Sí, Sí. Súbete a la terraza.

PASTORA: No. No. Quédate abajo.

SOLEDAD: Voy a descender
de esta terraza verde
y voy contigo mi guapito
sobre el camino.

PASTORA: No. No. Quédate aquí.

SOLEDAD: No. No. Ya me voy.

PASTORA: Sí, Sí. Quédate aquí.

SOLEDAD: No. No. Ya me voy.

TORRE: Y la muchacha descendó
y se montó en su caballo
y detrás del jinete,
junto con su muchacho
en su caballo negro
se fueron por el camino,
el camino largo de polvo.

[*Curtain*]

Part Three
New York 1929

Characters

Federico García LORCA	T*ENOR*
FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN	*Speaking Part Only*
SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN	*Speaking Part Only*
THIRD WELL-DRESSED MAN	*Speaking Part Only*
FIRST WELL DRESSED WOMAN	*Speaking Part Only*
SECOND WELL-DRESSED WOMAN	*Speaking Part Only*
WORKER	*Speaking Part Only*
NELLA Larsen	*Speaking Part Only*
JEROME	*Speaking Part Only*
MARIA	SOPRANO
Party-goers	*Speaking Parts Only*
Voice off stage (Allen Ginsberg)	
Walt WHITMAN	BASS

Part Three
Scene One
Wall Street October 1929

Orchestral music.

Stage front. The stage in front of the curtain is bare. Film footage of New York's Wall Street on the day of the stock market collapse, October 19, 1929, is projected on the curtain. FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN, middle-aged *in dark suit, conservative tie, dark hat and opened overcoat stands center stage. He carries a newspaper tucked under his arm. At stage left,* SECOND *and* THIRD WELL-DRESSED MEN*, both middle- to late-middle-aged also in dark suits, ties, hats and overcoats stand six feet away from* First Well-Dressed Man*. Both carry black, bulging briefcases. They face the audience as the film footage plays in the background. The* FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN *suddenly looks up. He holds the position for 10 seconds; then the* SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN *looks up, nudges the* THIRD WELL-DRESSED MAN, *then points outward and upward. The* THIRD WELL-DRESSED MAN *also begins to peer upward.*

RECITATIVE: THREE WELL-DRESSED MEN, TWO WELL-DRESSED WOMEN WORKER & LORCA

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: What the hell!

SECOND FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: Did you see that?

THIRD FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: What?

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: [*looking over to the other men*] My God! My God! Oh my God!

> [*Enter from stage right* FIRST WELL-DRESSED WOMAN. *She is early middle-aged, has on a blue dress, a long light-gray coat and a red cloche hat. She is followed by the* SECOND WELL-DRESSED WOMAN, *a young woman in her twenties who wears a black pleated skirt, a white blouse and a plaid mackintosh. They run toward the men who have now moved closer to one another.*]

FIRST WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: What's going on? Did you see? Did you see?

THIRD WELL-DRESSED MAN: Yes. It's dreadful.

SECOND WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: But why? Why did he jump? What's going on.

SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN: The market's collapsing.

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: I just heard that, too.

[*The sound of sirens is heard over the orchestral music.*]

SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN: What a horrible sight. But also a ridiculous one, in my opinion. Stocks rise, stocks fall. It's a cycle. It will come back. We're not bankrupt. In another week everything will be normal again.

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: But that poor bugger didn't believe that. If he had, he wouldn't have crawled out of that window on the thirtieth floor and...

SECOND WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: It's so horrible, so horrible. I never thought I'd see anything like that. I need to find my husband. I need to tell him what you said. [*She points to the* SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN.]

FIRST WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: Louise, it will be all right. That man's right. [*She points to the* SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN.]

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: But what if he isn't?

THIRD WELL-DRESSED MAN: [*He looks straight at the* FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN.] Stop that now. There's no need to upset this lady any further.

[*Enter* LORCA. *He is dressed in a black suit, light-blue shirt with a red and yellow-striped tie. He carries under his arm a crumpled trench coat.*]

LORCA: Excuse me, excuse me. Is it the end of the world? Is it war? I saw two men plunge to their deaths from tall buildings. Well-dressed men, too. Maybe bankers or brokers.

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: The stock market has collapsed. It's financial ruin.

LORCA: You mean they are leaping from life just because they've lost their money?

SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN: That's about it. And they're fools.

LORCA: Fools or not, it's still human life we're talking about. And those men are no longer in life. That's not something one should sneer at. Pity. Compassion. Don't you have that?

SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN: Oh sure, I have pity. But what I'm trying to say...

FIRST WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: Oh my God! Oh my God! Another one! Another one just jumped. [She turns away.]

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: I can't stand this anymore. I've never seen anything this awful. Please, stop jumping. The market will recover.

SECOND WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: I've got to get to John. I've got to get through that crowd, somehow. I've got to tell him not to jump. That it will be OK. That no matter what, we'll go on. I don't care about money. I care about life. I care about my husband and about our children. If we have to let go of the maid, we can do that. I can clean the house. Help me, help me. I need to get into the building.

LORCA: Madame, I'm sure your husband has sense and is thinking only of you and your children.

THIRD WELL-DRESSED MAN: Sure, he'll be fine. I'm beginning to think, though, that maybe those guys inside the buildings know a lot more than we do at this moment.

[*Enter* WORKER. *He is dressed in dirty overalls and a blue work shirt. He carries a steel lunch box. The sound of sirens is again heard over the orchestral music.*]

WORKER: It's the end of capitalism. And I couldn't be happier! [*He looks at the assembled group*.] You probably don't share my opinion, seeing as how none of you really gets your hands dirty working for a living. But you know what? I don't give a damn what you think. The playing field is getting more level every minute, every second. I hope they all jump! Bring on the revolution. Workers of the world unite! The machine is killing itself. And we're not going to pick up the pieces of your botched capitalism. It's over, I tell you. It's over for you. Everyone of you. The light's shining on me now. And on all of us—the majority, I might add--who have been kicked and beaten and kept down and starved and spat on by those clowns jumping from the buildings. Let 'em all jump. Come on, you capitalist bastards. Jump!

SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN: [*pointing his finger at the* WORKER] Why don't you just move along. We don't need your communist claptrap.

WORKER: Sure. I'll move along. I want to get closer so I can cheer for those bastards on the sills.

SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN: Get out of my sight.

WORKER: Get used to us, Bud. We're going to be running things pretty damn soon.

SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN: Over my dead body.

WORKER: As you wish. Sir.

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: Please. Let's not have a fight, here. It's bad enough as it is. But I do think you ought to have some respect for the dead. [WORKER shrugs]

SECOND WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: I've got to find John. I've got to find John.

FIRST WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: Come on, let's go. Take my arm.

FIRST WELL-DRESSED MAN: I'll go with you. [*They exit*.]

SECOND WELL-DRESSED MAN: Let's move on as well. The show ain't over but I've seen enough. And I've had more than my fill of this commie. [*They* e*xit*.]

LORCA : [*putting on his overcoat*] Sir, I'm not a capitalist. I'm a poet. But you speak so harshly.

WORKER: You mean poets can't be capitalists?

LORCA: Not good poets.

WORKER: So are you part of our struggle?

LORCA: I'm Spanish. We have our own struggle.

WORKER: It's a wide-world struggle.

LORCA: Well, all I know is that we have a dictator in my country. But his day of rule is quickly coming to a close. Socialism will triumph soon in my own country.

WORKER: Yes, it's a world revolution. What do you think of New York?

LORCA: Do you really want to know?

WORKER: I'm asking ya', ain't I?

LORCA: It's a spectacle. A spectacle of all the world's money in all its glorious splendor, its mad abandon, its terrible cruelty. Everyone is rushing here and there and there and here and they are all rushing for money. It's a whole mass of people, all of them in one single pursuit. And I don't just mean the bankers and lawyers and brokers. I mean everybody. The typist who scurries off to work in some dull office with a hundred other typists, the bell boy at the hotel who winks at you and stretches out his hand for a tip, the guy on the corner back there with his tin cup thrust forward into the crowd in the hope that someone will drop in a penny or two or maybe even a nickel. An American friend—whose father is, or at least was until today, a Wall Street millionaire--invited me to have lunch with him last week with some bankers on the 32nd floor of a building just around the corner. Their hands were all trembling with that tremor that comes only from counting money. I had three dollars in my wallet. And yet I was richer than any one of them because I had a new poem in my vest pocket. I now know what it's like to see a mass of people fighting day and night, night and day, seven days a week to make money, or if you're already rich, then scheming about how to make more money and more money. Frankly, New York sickens me.

WORKER: Stick around a while, son. You're gonna see a whole different America in a few more weeks. Hey, and may your workers and your poets kick out the capitalists, too. [WORKER *exits. The sounds of more sirens are heard.*]

ARIA: LORCA

Oh shameless, savage North America
even your rivers sweat money and blood.
Oh New York, land of demonic dreams
where ticker-tape dollars form putrid mud.
Bodies fall from delirious skyscrapers
and mangy dogs howl at the break of day.
Wharf rats costumed as natty bankers,

yellow eyes glinting in search of prey,
scurry through yawning neon sewers
kicking the ravaged poor out of the way.
Oh New York with your blind and deaf rhythm
where bloodied dollars slide into a gilded sea
Oh vertical city, where greed and mayhem
slander your Statue of Liberty.
Oh geometric city, with your counterfeit dawn
where the butchers sob as they hone their knives
and where countless bludgeoned women and men
shun mirrors to avoid a glimpse of their desolate lives.
The vipers have found the right spot to coil
have discovered a city where they can thrive.
And even the Hudson is drunk with oil.
Is drunk with oil. Is drunk on oil.

I denounce it all. I denounce it all.
I denounce the morning conspiracies
of those who wring blood from the poor.
I denounce the foolish consistencies
of numbers and columns and more and more.
I spit on it all, I shit on it all
I'll go where the cows are wrung dry.
I'll go where the wretched and beaten recoil
under a tar-papered sky.
And I'll go to the river and make my amends.
I'll sit on the bank where the brave water boils.
I'll make songs of love to sing without end
For even the Hudson is drunk with oil.
Is drunk with oil. Is drunk on oil.

Part Three
Scene Two
An Elegant Apartment in Harlem

A party in Harlem. The living room is well appointed. Chairs and a sofa are scattered both stage left, right and rear. A piano sits front center stage left. The party-goers, mostly blacks but a few whites, are all dressed quite elegantly. They are clustered in groups, engrossed in conversations. All appear to be holding drinking glasses. LORCA *stands front stage right in the midst of a crowd of three African-Americans. He is dressed quite dapperly in a black suit with white shirt and red tie. His black shoes are highly polished. Next to him is* NELLA Larsen. *She is an attractive light-skinned African-American in her 30s dressed in a fashionable blue suit and high heels. Her long hair is pulled back in a pony tail. She is introducing* LORCA *to* JEROME *and* MARIA *who have gathered around the two.* JEROME *is dressed in a black tuxedo with purple cummerbund and black bow tie.* MARIA *wears a red dress with high heels.*]

RECITATIVE: NELLA, LORCA, MARIA, JEROME & PARTY-GOERS

NELLA: Maria, Jerome, this is Federico García Lorca, Spain's greatest poet. He's nearing the end of a long stay in New York.

JEROME: [*shaking hands*] Welcome. Poets are always welcome.

LORCA: Thank you, thank you. But Nella is not right. I am a poet Spain has many great poets.

NELLA: But he's the greatest!

LORCA: Please, Nella.

MARIA: It's a pleasure to meet you. Is this your first time in Harlem?

LORCA: Oh, no, no no. I've come many times. It's the only part of New York I like. It's the only part that's alive, the only place that has what you would call soul but what I call duende. Only in Harlem do I find people simpático.

MARIA: You're very unusual in that. Most white people only come up here to go the Cotton Club or Small's Paradise to watch black shows. But we only can walk by those places and peek in when the door is open. We, of course, are not allowed in unless we are performing.

LORCA: Yes, I noticed that only whites were in the audience, and it made me very sad and very angry. I've already written a poem about your anguish, about the anguish of the oppressed, of your blood shuddering within the dark eclipse of Harlem nights, of your blood that rages under the skin, that lives in the thorns of daggers.

NELLA: Powerful and profound, Federico. I won't take it back: he is Spain's greatest poet.

JEROME: I agree. That's quite beautiful and moving and true.

PARTYGOER: Jerome, Maria, come entertain us. The piano begs, as do we.

[JEROME *and* MARIA *go to the piano*. JEROME *sits at the bench;* MARIA *stands. The crowd gathers round*.]

Aria: MARIA
(*jazzy, bluesy*)

The moon beams over the mountain
the sun shines over the sea
but here on this deserted street
no light shines on me.

I'm living in a world of shadows
where sunlight never shines.
I'm groping my way from place to place
hoping someday I will find

that you have come back to me
that we are together again
but until then I'll have to sing
this sorrowful refrain.

Where have you gone my love?
Why have you fled from me?
When will I see your face again?
Oh, darling, come back to me.

Only the night clutches me in its arms
only darkness pleads for my heart
my heart is rent like a torn valentine
ever since we've been apart.

I'm lost in a world of tears
gloom is everywhere.
I can't understand how you could flee
why you no longer care.

I will never smile again
my tears will never cease
my heart will ache forever
I'll never find release.

Where have you gone my love?
Why have you fled from me?
When will I see your face again?
Oh, darling, come back to me.

Oh darling come back to me.

[*Applause*]

RECITATIVE*:* LORCA & NELLA

LORCA: [*clapping, but visibly moved*] That could be my song. It's pierced my heart, my soul, my very being. I, too, left someone in Spain. Well, I was left by someone in Spain. I could have written those words. And Maria sings so beautifully, and Jerome plays so well.

NELLA: I'm sorry Federico. I didn't know. Was she your true love?

LORCA: A true love, yes. We'd walk together in Granada, in the rain and in the sun. We'd climb the hill up to the Alhambra, wander through the ancient gardens, have a *copita* in a bar at the top overlooking Don Manuel de Falla's *carmen*, talk nonsense for hours, play games, then go back into the night, arm in arm, careening down the *Cuesta*, with my heart beating, and sometimes we'd head to Sacromonte and watch the gypsies dance to the most soulful cante jondo one can ever imagine ever sung and we'd leave only when the sun came up.

NELLA: So beautiful, Federico. I know you treasure those memories. But perhaps, when you go back.

LORCA: No, Nella, It's over. Forever over. He's married now.

NELLA: Was it a man you were in love with?

LORCA: Yes, Nella, a man, a wonderful man, a sculptor and a lover of life. But keep my secret. His name is Emilio and he is beautiful and proud and loves someone else.

NELLA: I'll keep your secret. Love is love. But I'm sorry. Won't you play us something? Maybe it will cheer you up. Maybe Maria could sing the lyrics? She knows some Spanish. Her mother is from Puerto Rico.

[LORCA *goes to the piano.*]

RECITATIVE: LORCA & MARIA

LORCA: Maria. Come sing with me a little song in Spanish. It's called "Nana de Sevilla." Do you know it?

MARIA: No, but I can learn.

LORCA: OK. I'll teach you.

DUET: LORCA & MARIA

LORCA**:** Este galapaguito
no tiene madre;

lo parió una gitana,
lo echó a la calle.

MARIA: Este galapaguito
no tiene madre;
lo parió una gitana,
lo echó a la calle.

LORCA: No tiene madre, sí;
no tiene madre, no:
no tiene madre,
lo echó a la calle.

MARIA: No tiene madre, sí;
no tiene madre, no:
no tiene madre,
lo echó a la calle.

LORCA: Este niño chiquito
no tiene cuna;
su padre es carpintero
y le hará una.

MARIA: Este niño chiquito
no tiene cuna;
su padre es carpintero
y le hará una.

LORCA & MARIA: Este galapaguito
no tiene madre;
lo parió una gitana,
lo echó a la calle.

No tiene madre, sí;
no tiene madre, no:
no tiene madre,
lo echó a la calle.

Este niño chiquito
no tiene cuna;
su padre es carpintero
y le hará una.

[*Applause, shouts of Bravo! Curtain*.]

Part Three
Scene Three
The Streets of New York

Stage front. The stage in front of the curtain is bare. Film footage of New York plays off the curtain. LORCA *is pacing up and down, stops, then begins pacing again.*

ARIA: LORCA

Where, to where? To nowhere
to the streets of this cannibal city
teeming with despair.
Cries of the dead leap
from ripe skeletons who
saunter down the avenues
not knowing what to do
except dress in their Sunday best.
Don't they know that
it's all ending?
Can't they hear the
Assyrian dog howling?
The moon is tinged with red
and the buildings blot out the stars
sailors leer from splintered faces
as they exit from the bars.
The cracks in the sidewalks
seem to yawn, their jaws
open to swallow me whole
but I keep on wandering because
I have no place to go.
The neon winks in desolation
and I in desperation hurl myself along
these streets, looking for a place
where I might belong.
In New York there is no night
only shadow and deep penumbra
where light is dark and dark is light.
I tumble forward in a jagged course
force colliding against force.
Shall I turn here or there?
Shall I simply follow my clumsy feet
up these streaming streets
or is it better to retreat
into some sordid sailor's lair?
I need to breathe the air
that Whitman once inhaled
but the rank smoke
from a thousand

factories has assailed
the aether and I choke.

[LORCA *stops. The curtain opens to reveal a fruit and vegetable stand. He goes over and stands in front of a pile of watermelons*.]

VOICE offstage: [GINSBERG] And what are you doing, García Lorca, among the watermelons?

[LORCA *turns to see who's addressed him. He then walks away from the fruit stand. The curtain closes and again the film footage of New York is projected on the curtain.*]

ARIA: LORCA

There's no one there, yet I heard a voice.
I heard my name called through the night air
where jackals sing and strange fruit blooms
where baboons lift their tails and stare
and mock the crocodiles that dare
to raise their heads above the gloom.

There's no one there, yet I heard a voice
It was probably just a pigeon calling
seeking desperately his mate
as the night heaves up all it has been hauling
on its bony back. But I heard a voice
call my name, of that I'm sure.
Could it be, could it possibly be
a voice from some distant future
calling after me?

[LORCA *stops and peers into the distance. From stage right Walt Whitman as an older man appears. He is dressed in a long flowing brown coat. He wears a floppy beige hat, baggy brown trousers stuffed into boots, a flowing white shirt and an untied bow tie. Butterflies nestle in his beard*.]

DUET: LORCA & WHITMAN

LORCA: It can't be true. No it can't be.
But he's walking straight
toward me.
Let me rub the cobwebs
from my eyes.
It must be another
in his disguise.
But who else has a beard
that's full of butterflies?

WHITMAN: Federico, it is me.

I saw you lurching
down the street.
I saw you dreaming
in that moon's bright sliver
of being a virile
flowing river.
I saw you moaning
like a turtle dove
saw you seeking
but bereft of love.
Come join me in my walk.
Come, come, let's have a talk.

Curtain

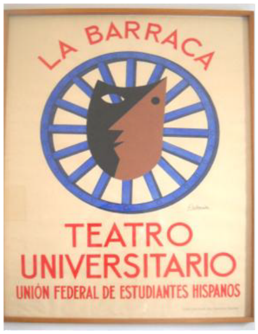
Part Four
Santander, Spain August 1934

Characters

Federico García LORCA	T*ENOR*
María del Carmen GARCÍA	*CONTRALTO*
Rafael Rodríquez RAPÚN	*Bass*
Various stage hands	*Non-Speaking parts*
Within the play *Chimera*:	
ENRIQUE	*BARITONE*
WIFE (GARCÍA)	*CONTRALTO*
OLD MAN (RAPÚN)	*BASS*
LITTLE GIRL	*Speaking part only*
LITTLE BOY	*Speaking part only*
VOICES	*Speaking parts only*

Part Four
Scene One
Santander, Spain August 1934

The square in Santander. The travelling theatre players, La Barraca, are getting ready to perform their play for the audience. With the exception of GARCÍA, *the actors are all university students. They have created a makeshift stage consisting of a painted house facade with windows opened with flaps and a doorway, also opened. At stage left hangs a banner proclaiming who they are:*


LA BARRACA
TEATRO
UNIVERSITARIO
UNIÓN FEDERAL DE ESTUDIANTES HISPANOS

*Behind the stage is a typical Spanish-*style building with a "Hotel" sign in front. LORCA *stands stage right. He is dressed in a blue jumpsuit. He is conversing with* GARCÍA. *She is in her late-twenties and is in costume. She wears a long dark blue skirt with a white embroidered blouse.*

RECITATIVE: LORCA and GARCÍA

GARCÍA: Things are going from bad to worse with this new right-wing government. This may be our last season. As you know, they've already cut our budget by half. And while you were in Argentina the press began spreading lies about us.

LORCA: Yes, I read the Falangist and Catholic newspapers after I returned.

GARCÍA: Then you know that they are saying we are perverting the peasants with what they call our corrupt, foreign-inspired customs. They accuse all us women of being whores.

LORCA: And they say the men are all queers.

GARCÍA: Then who are the whores sleeping with if all the men are queers?

LORCA: [*laughing*] That is a paradox, isn't it? Well, maybe not all the men are queers. Or maybe all the women are lesbians.

GARCÍA: Until I read their accounts I didn't know how terrible we were.

LORCA: Yes, it is so very awful to be in favor of love and democracy and poetry and theater for everyone. Did you see the piece where they said we were Jewish Marxists?

GARCÍA: I may be a Marxist but I'm not Jewish! And of course, they say we're squandering public money to bring theatre to the people.

LORCA: But the Republican press likes us.

GARCÍA: They do, that's true. But how long do you think the republic is going to endure? The right are firmly in control and the last thing they want is democracy and freedom. And theatre for the people is on their hit list. You personally, are on their hit list.

LORCA: I know. But so far we still have elections, and no one is lining up republicans and shooting them under the olive trees.

GARCÍA: Not yet. But I don't see that as being very far off.

LORCA: Well, until that happens I'll keep writing poems and plays and La Barraca will travel from town to town spreading love, democracy and theater to the people.

GARCÍA: Yes. How atrocious it is to spread love and democracy! Ugh! I guess I better get myself onto the stage. We need to start the play. [*She exits to behind the set.* LORCA *goes to center stage and turns to the audience.*]

LORCA: Thank you all very much for coming out on this beautiful August evening. I'm Federico García Lorca, the artistic director of the Theatre Department of the University of Madrid. This evening you have the opportunity to see theatre performed by the Federal Union of Students, otherwise known as La Barraca. For two years we've been going around this wonderful country of ours performing plays in hamlets and villages and towns and cities. The play tonight the illustrious Barracos are going to present is a little piece of mine that I wrote a few years back called *Chimera.* Some of your own children will also be performing. I understand that for the last few days they've been rehearsing very hard and very diligently with the troupe and the Barracos are very proud to be performing with them. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome these players to your beautiful Santander.

CHIMERA

RECITATIVE

[ENRIQUE *enters. He puts down several bags he's carrying.*]

ENRIQUE: Goodbye.

SIX VOICES: [*from within the house*] Goodbye.

ENRIQUE: I will be gone a long time in the mountains.

VOICE: A squirrel.

ENRIQUE: Yes. A squirrel for you, and also five birds like no child has ever had before.

VOICE: No, I want a lizard.

VOICE: And I, a mole.

ENRIQUE: You children are all very different. But I'll fulfill each of your requests.

[OLD MAN *enters*]

OLD MAN: Very different.

ENRIQUE: What did you say?

OLD MAN: Can I carry your bags?

ENRIQUE: No. [*The children's laughter is heard.*]

OLD MAN: Are they your children?

ENRIQUE: All six of them.

TRIO: OLD MAN, ENRIQUE & WIFE

OLD MAN:

Their mother, your wife
for a long time I've known
her horses I used to drive
when I was a coachman in her home.
But to tell you the facts
I'm now not much better than a beggar
Or to be more exact
I'm really no better than a beggar.
It's the horses, you know.
Ha, ha, ha! Hee, hee, hee!
It's the horses you know
Oh they so frighten me.
May lightning blind them all!
On them may lightning descend,
On the road or in their stalls
I tell you the truth, my friend.
It's so difficult to drive a coach.
It's so damn hard, I tell you,
and though I'm not beyond reproach
it's incredibly hard to do.
If horses do not frighten you
then you don't know them fully.
But if you know them fully,
then they surely frighten you.
Oh those damned horses!
Let me say it again, my friend.

Oh those damned horses.
May they be damned until the end.

ENRIQUE: [*grabbing his bags.*]
Leave me alone.
Go on home.

OLD MAN:
No, no. Let me carry your bags.
I'll gladly take them for you
for the smallest coins you have.
Your wife would want me to.
Of horses she was never afraid
Oh no, they never frightened her
She was always brave
Only happiness inside her stirred.

ENRIQUE:
All right, all right then
But we must go with haste
It's the six o'clock train
that I have to catch.

OLD MAN:
Ah the train, the train.
The train is a stupidity.
It's a totally different thing.
Even if I should live to be
a hundred and five
the train wouldn't scare me,
the train isn't alive.
It rumbles along
and pursues its courses
and then it's gone
unlike those damnable horses.
But look, look over there.
Look, look over there.

WIFE: [*in the window*]
My Enrique, my Enrique.
Don't forget to write to me.
My Enrique, my Enrique.
Please don't forget me.

OLD MAN:
Oh that girl. Your beautiful wife
the love of your life.

[*turning to the wife*]
Do you remember my dear
when your newness was all,
that when the nights were clear
he'd scale the mud wall
and climb up the trees
his hands wet with dew

with mud on his knees
just to see you?

WIFE: I'll remember it till the day I die.

ENRIQUE: And so will I.

WIFE: I'll wait for you. Goodbye.

ENRIQUE: Goodbye my love, goodbye.

RECITATIVE: OLD MAN, ENRIQUE, WIFE, VOICES & LITTLE GIRL

OLD MAN: Don't be miserable. She's your wife and she loves you. You love her. Don't be miserable.

ENRIQUE: Yes, it's true. But this absence is weighing on me.

OLD MAN: Other things are worse. It's worse that everything keeps on moving and that the river gurgles. A cyclone would be much worse.

ENRIQUE: I'm not in the mood for jokes. You're always like this.

OLD MAN: Ha, ha, ha! Everybody, and you more than anyone, think that the importance of a cyclone lies in the destruction it causes. I believe the exact opposite. The importance of a cyclone...

ENRIQUE: [*irritated*] Come on! It's going to be six any minute now.

OLD MAN: Well, and the sea? In the sea...

ENRIQUE: [*furious*] Let's go I said!

OLD MAN: You didn't forget anything?

ENRIQUE: I left everything in perfect order. And besides, what's it to you? The worst thing in the world is an old servant, a beggar.

VOICE 1: Papa.

VOICE 2: Papa.

VOICE 3: Papa.

VOICE 4: Papa.

VOICE 5: Papa.

VOICE 6: Papa.

OLD MAN: Your children.

ENRIQUE: My children.

LITTLE GIRL: [*in the doorway*] I don't want a squirrel. If you bring me a squirrel I won't love you. Don't bring me a squirrel. I don't want it.

VOICE: And I don't want a lizard.

VOICE: And I don't want a mole.

LITTLE GIRL: We want you to bring us back a rock collection.

VOICE: No. I want the mole.

VOICE: No. The mole is for me.

[*They scuffle.*]

LITTLE GIRL: Well, the mole is going to be for me.

ENRIQUE: Enough. Content yourselves.

OLD MAN: I told you they were very different.

ENRIQUE: Yes, very different. Fortunately.

OLD MAN: How's that?

ENRIQUE: [*firmly*] Fortunately.

OLD MAN: [*sadly*] Fortunately.

[Exit OLD MAN & ENRIQUE]

WIFE: [*in the window*] Goodbye.

VOICE: Goodbye.

WIFE: Come back soon.

VOICE: [*far away*] Soon.

ARIA: WIFE

I packed for him four blankets

so he'll be well covered at night.
About that I need not fret
But I still have a dreadful fright.
Here in our little home,
I know the cold will seep in
for I'll be in bed all alone.
What I most love about him
are his courage and his strength.
He also has marvelous eyes.
My back hurts me a bit.
Oh if he could only despise
the one he loves tenderly.
I wish he would despise me
and also yes, oh yes love me.
I want to escape and have him catch me.
I want him to set me on fire
Oh yes, set me on fire!
Let the flames leap high and higher
as you set me on fire.
Goodbye, goodbye, Enrique
Enrique, goodbye, goodbye.
You know I love you madly.
Enrique, goodbye, goodbye.
I see you growing small
as over the rocks you leap
I can barely see you at all
but I'll see you when I sleep.
Now I could wholly swallow you
as if you were a new flower bud
a flower bud upon a stem so new.
Oh Enrique, Enrique my love,
my love, my love.
Enrique my love, my love.

RECITATIVE: LITTLE GIRL, WIFE & LITTLE BOY

LITTLE GIRL: Mama.

WIFE: Don't go out. A cold wind's blown up. I told you, no!

[LITTLE GIRL *enters. Light fades from the stage*]

LITTLE GIRL: [*rapidly*] Paapaaa! Paapaaa! Bring me the squirrel. I don't want rocks. The rocks will break my fingernails. Paapaaa!

LITTLE BOY: [*In the doorway*] He can't hear you. He can't hear you. He can't hear you.

LITTLE GIRL: Papa, I do want the squirrel. [*She bursts into tears.*] My God, I want the squirrel!

[*Curtain*]

Part Four
Scene Two
Santander, Spain August 1934

The Barracos are taking down the set. LORCA *is congratulating them on their performance. The set is carted away revealing the hotel entrance.* GARCÍA *emerges from the doorway and runs toward* LORCA *who is conversing with* RAPÚN, *now out of costume and wearing an identical blue jumpsuit to the one LORCA is wearing. The players cart off the set.*

GARCÍA: Federico. Come quick. The telephone. It's important.

LORCA: Who is it?

GARCÍA: It's your friend José Bergamín.

LORCA: How delightful of him to call.

GARCÍA: Go quickly. Please.

LORCA: [*startled.*] What is it?

GARCÍA: Just go.

[*Lorca runs into the hotel.*]

RAPÚN: I sense bad news.

GARCÍA: It's terrible, dreadful news. His friend, Ignacio Sanchez Mejias, the bullfighter, was gored in the ring. He's dying.

RAPÚN: Oh my God. This will kill Federico. They've known each other for years. But he also won't be surprised. He's been sensing it. He confided to me that when he saw Ignacio in Madrid he had the scent of death on him. Federico was already terrified for him. Others reported it, too. They said they could barely sit with him in a cafe because the smell of death was all over him.

GARCÍA: This is dreadful. What can we do?

RAPÚN: All we can do is try to comfort Federico.

[LORCA *emerges slowly from the hotel. He walks toward them. He's holding his hands over his eyes.*]

LORCA: [*wailing.*] Ignacio! No! Ignacio! Ignacio is dying. It was a bull. I knew it. [*He staggers toward them, collapses into the arms of* RAPÚN.]

RAPÚN: Federico! [*He holds him tenderly, runs his hand over his face.*] I'm so sorry, Federico. I'm so sorry.

GARCÍA: Maybe he'll beat death.

LORCA: No. [*He sobs.*] Not this time. Gangrene has already set in. He's delirious, talking of bulls and olive groves. He told me that when he was kid he would sneak at night into the bull farms in Sevilla and practice his moves. Since there was no one to watch him, he pretended that the leaves of the olive trees blowing in the breeze were applauding him.

RAPÚN: I'm sure those olive trees are weeping now.

LORCA: As I weep. [*He pulls away from RAPÚN.*]

ARIA: LORCA

His blood comes to us singing
singing through marshes and meadows,
on numbed horns it comes sliding
over the misty hedge rows.
It stumbles over a thousand hooves
like a long dark sad tongue,
and gathers to form in little pools
of agony under the sun.
Near his childhood river
black bulls of exultant sorrow
drink from the Guadalquivir
but for him there is no tomorrow.
Oh white wall of Spain!
Oh black bull of death!
The nightingales sing his pain
as he takes his last breath.
His eyes did not close
when he saw the horns come near
but from every mother arose
anguished gasps of fear.
And now his blood is spilled
on the sand of the deadly bullring
and the rivers are chilled
as his lion's blood keeps singing.
No Andalusian can compare
to this prince of a man
of strength and courage so rare
whose blood flowed over the sand.
It will be a long while, if ever
that a man like this will again be born,

an Andalusian so noble, so clever
that my words can only mourn.
I sing his elegance and his daring
his sense of adventure sometimes so mad.
I stand here fondly remembering
a light wind that now blows so sad,
that stirred the leaves of the olive trees
those beautiful tender olive trees
that now whisper his name on the breeze.

At five in the afternoon.
It was five o'clock exactly
when a boy brought into the gloom
the whitest winding sheet
at five in the afternoon.
At five in the afternoon
the wind blew away the cotton wool
at five in the afternoon
and rust scattered glass and nickel
at five in the afternoon
Now the dove and the leopard fight
at five in the afternoon
and a horn sinks into a thigh
at five in the afternoon
Arsenic bells and smoke
at five in the afternoon
In the corner groups no one spoke
at five in the afternoon
only the bull's heart reared
at five in the afternoon
when the sweat of snow appeared
at five in the afternoon
when the ring with iodine was filled
at five in the afternoon
death placed eggs in the wound
at five in the afternoon
at five in the afternoon
at exactly five in the afternoon.

Part Five
Fuente Grande, 1936

Characters

Federico García LORCA	*TENOR*
Four SOLDIERS	*Non-Speaking parts*
Salvador DALÍ	*COUNTER TENOR*
Luis BUÑUEL	*BASS*
Manuel de FALLA	*COUNTERTENOR*
Soledad MONTOYA	*SOPRANO*
Pastora PAVON	*MEZZO-SOPRANO*
Walt WHITMAN	*BASS*
María del Carmen GARCÍA	*CONTRALTO*
Rafael Rodríquez RAPÚN	*BASS*

Part Five
Fuente Grande, 1936

Olive trees are upstage at both stage left and stage right. At stage center and downstage is an open space resembling a clearing within the olive grove. At upstage center is the Ainadamar spring, enclosed by stones, like a well.

Orchestral music.

> [*Enter* LORCA *and* SOLDIERS from *stage left. The* SOLDIERS *are young, clean shaven, dressed in uniforms. They wear blue shirts with epaulets, large pockets with flap closures. On the left pocket is a stylized eagle in white; on the right pocket is the falangist emblem of five arrows yoked at center. They wear black pants and black combat boots. They all carry carbines.* LORCA *appears quite disheveled. He wears black pants and a dirty, wrinkled white shirt, open at the collar. His hands are tied in front of him. The* SOLDIERS *walk behind* LORCA. *One* SOLDIER *is pointing the gun at his back; the other* SOLDIERS *have slung their rifles over their soldiers. After three steps, they halt.*]

ARIA: LORCA

It all has passed
much much too fast.
It seems as if just days ago
I was sitting on the bench
at the back of the class
or wandering Sacromonte's narrow streets
listening for cante jondo beats.
There on the hill above my home
I wrote what would be my first book of poems.
How the night's stars would shine
as they guided the moon into place.
Oh how my yearning heart would race
as I thought of Emilio's gentle face.
With Don Manuel I'd journey
to the gypsies' caves
to hear the guitars sing
the music of this sacred place.
And then, in wretched New York alone
one night Walt came to me
and side by side we strolled the streets
singing in harmony
of love, of horror, and of death.
And death now comes to me.
Dear Walt, I'll join you soon.
As shades we'll walk together
under another moon.

Here beneath these majestic mountains,
next to this gurgling fountain,
here in this fertile grove
I'll breathe my last.
It all has passed much, much too fast.

You can kill the poet
but not his poems.
My words will float
on the backs of doves.
You cannot kill freedom
you cannot kill love.
My songs will be heard
as the bells toll in the dome
you can kill the poet
but not his poems.

[*The* SOLDIERS *nudge* LORCA *forward a few steps. He stops mid-rear stage*.]

[*Enter* DALÍ *and* BUÑUEL *from stage right*. DALÍ *is dressed flamboyantly in flowing black trousers, ruffled maroon shirt and patent-leather ballet slippers. He sports his trademark mustache.* BUÑUEL *wears a blue pin-striped double-breasted suit with white shirt, red tie, oxfords and fedora. As they enter they both appear somewhat disoriented. Toward center stage they stop.* DALÍ *looks up at the sky, then down to the ground, then does a 360 degree turn.* BUÑUEL *stands motionless*.]

ARIETTA: DALÍ

Federico, Federico dearest friend
No. No. No.
Federico, Federico,
No, No, No.

This can't be true
You're joking with us again.
We're here with you,
Federico, our friend.

ARIETTA: BUÑUEL

Federico, Federico dearest friend
You know we love you true.
Come back to us in flesh and bone
let the pulse of your blood-red heart
echo from the fountain's stones.

Federico, Federico. No. No. No.

Damn you, damn you murderous swine
with your skulls of lead that cannot weep
with your patent-leather souls
oozing evil even as you sleep
from your vilest hearts
a viper's poison seeps.

DUET: DALÍ & BUÑUEL

Federico, Federico come back to life
We miss you too severely to go on.
Federico, Federico end our grief
We wait for you, our dearest friend.
Please show us this is not the end
Federico, Federico our friend.
Federico, Federico come back to us.
You've got poems and plays to write.
Federico, Federico this isn't just.
We wait for you, our dearest friend.
Please show us this is not the end,
Federico, Federico our friend.

ARIETTA: DALÍ

Federico, Federico heart so true.
Federico, Federico, I always did love you.
I always did love you.

[DALÍ *and* BUÑUEL *move to stage left*.]

[*Enter from stage left* FALLA, PAVON *and* MONTOYA. FALLA *is dressed in a black suit with black bow tie. He wears a straw hat and walks haltingly with a cane.* PAVON and MONTOYA *are dressed as in Act II.* PAVON and MONTOYA *hurry;* FALLA *lags behind*. *They halt at center stage.*]

ARIA: FALLA

Pray for him now
and at the hour of his death.
Pray for him now
as he takes his last breath.

Let God's light always beam
on this dreadful scene
of olive groves and fragrant orange trees

where his beautiful voice will always sing.

You Falangist fools,
you horrible misguided fools.
You've killed Granada's gift
to all the world.
You've murdered Granada's son,
the gentlest, most beautiful one
who ever walked on God's great earth
poorest Federico, star crossed from birth.

Forgive them Father
for they know not what they do.
Forgive them Father
for they know not what they do.

You can kill the poet
but not his poems.
You can break all the instruments
but not the score.

Forgive them Father
for they know not what they do.
Forgive them Father
for they know not what they do.

ARIA: PAVON

I cannot sing of the silver sea
for black sorrow rises
over these scattered olive trees.

A thousand glass tambourines
shake in the coming dawn
where no birds any longer sing.

The motionless clock keeps ticking on.
I dream that I do not dream
beside this ancient fountain.
My heart fills up with ragweed and broken wings,
desolation walks on splintered stumps.
It's the voices of angels that should sing
of your beauty, of your resplendent art
of your courage, of the true mettle
of your most tender heart.

There under the veil of night

we grasp the bony truth
of all that is not right.

Here, where no moon rises,
in this deep night of nights,
we grasp the awful truth
of all that is not right.

ARIA: MONTOYA

Tonight, no one will sleep
no one can sing of rivers
but only of tongues that leap
like blue-flames from the fountain.
No one cares for trembling leaves
or the snows on your beloved mountains.

Your voice is now a pillar of ash
and the wind winds round the crash
of bullets hurtling against your flesh
never again will we know happiness.

The Guadalquivir will continue to flow
the olive trees will continue to grow
on the back of a black horse
like a horseman you'll ride,
your pulse, now gone still
will probe the other side.
Open the balcony
let stars shine in the room,
on your bloodied shirt front
three hundred red roses bloom.
The old Moorish fountain
you loved so well
will now rise and sing
your heavenly requiem.

TRIO: FALLA, MONTOYA & PAVON

Let God's light always beam
on this dreadful scene
of olive groves and fragrant orange trees
where his beautiful voice will always sing.

Open the balcony
let stars shine in the room
on his bloodied shirt front
three hundred red roses bloom.

It's the voices of angels that should sing
of his beauty, of his resplendent art
of his courage, of the true mettle
of his most tender heart.

You can drag the poet from his home
You can kill the poet
but you can't kill his poems.

[FALLA, MONTOYA *and* PAVON *join* DALÍ *and* BUÑUEL *at stage left*.]

ARIA: LORCA

I want to sleep the sleep of apples
not slept since birth.
I want to learn a lament
that will cleanse me of earth.
I want again to be that child
rowing on a silver sea.
There by the sea-wracked shore
I want to fall into a dream
for a minute, an hour, an eternity.
All must know I have not died
that the golden hawk still flies
that the west wind that rips
across the plains
kisses my parched lips.

Cover me with a veil at dawn
because the rising sun
will throw fistfuls of ants at me.
And when first light comes
soak my shoes in hard water
so that the scorpions will run.
Bury me on the sun-drenched plain
let my bloody body
be washed by eternal rain.

You can kill the poet
but not his poems.
My words will float
on the backs of doves.
You cannot kill freedom
you cannot kill love.
My songs will be heard
as the bells toll in the dome

you can kill the poet
but not his poems.

[*The* SOLDIERS *menacingly march* LORCA *toward stage rear.*]

[*Enter* WHITMAN *from stage right. He is dressed as in Act III, complete with butterflies in his beard. He lumbers to center stage.*]

ARIETTA: WHITMAN

Vigil of silence, love and death, vigil for you my son, my poet dear
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones upward stole
Vigil final for you brave boy, (I could not save you, swift was your death,
I faithfully loved you and cared for you living, I think we shall surely meet again.)

Vigil for boy of responding kisses, (never again on earth responding)
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain.

[WHITMAN *joins the others at stage left*.]

[*Enter* GARCÍA *and* RAPÚN *from stage right*. GARCÍA *wears a black skirt and black blouse*; RAPÚN, *black trousers, black boots and a black shirt*. *They walk distractedly toward center stage*. GARCÍA *goes forward and halts at center stage*; RAPÚN *hangs back, his hands covering his face*.]

ARIETTA: GARCÍA

It's over now. The darkness enters his open mouth
the air, maddened by his death, leaves his sunken chest
and love, besotted with tears of snow
will not leave him to his final rest.

His forehead is a stone where dreams refuse to grieve
where waters churn and bitter oleanders freeze.
His crimson blood has burst forth into song
that will sing down the stars and sing up the dawn.

His blood comes singing over the olive grove
his blood comes singing to the night above.
The threads of his blood weave frills in the sky.
His words formed in dark blood refuse to die.

[RAPÚN *joins* GARCÍA *at center stage*.]

ARIA: RAPÚN

Never was an Andalusian so tender and so brave.
His voice will continue to resound from the grave.
His mighty words of beauty and of love
will ride on the backs of the morning doves
will soar through the night and on and on
will sing down the moon, will sing up the dawn.

Federico, my love, my dearest love
how can it be, how can it be?
Why do stars still sparkle above
why is the night so still and clear?
It should be hurtling hail onto the ground
it should be smashing the olive trees.
Instead my voice is the only sound
that is carried on the breeze.

Federico, Federico, my dearest love
there's not even a moon in the sky for you
how can the heavens be that cruel
isn't there a kindly God above?

I don't know how I'll go on.
I don't know how I'll face the dawn.
I only know in my grieving heart
that they may kill the poet but not his art.
In me you will live, and wherever I roam
I will tell how they killed the poet
but could not kill his poems.

[RAPÚN *and* GARCÍA *move stage left near the other singers*.]

ARIA: LORCA

From star to star
across the night sky
my words will elude
the bullets that fly.
Poems will burst from my lungs
as the bullets descend.
My words will be sung
again and again.
You can drag the poet
from his home.

You can kill the poet
but not his poems.

[LORCA *is marched offstage*.]

[*Characters all move to center stage to join* RAPÚN *and* GARCÍA]

DISSONANT ARIETTAS

DALÍ: Federico, Federico heart so true
Federico, Federico, I always did love you.

BUÑUEL: Damn you, damn you murderous swine
with your skulls of lead that cannot weep.

FALLA: Forgive them Father
for they know not what they do.

MONTOYA: No one can sing of rivers
but only of tongues that leap.

PAVON: I dream that I do not dream
beside this ancient fountain.

WHITMAN: Vigil of silence, love and death,
vigil for you my son, my poet dear.

GARCÍA: His blood comes singing over the olive grove
his blood comes singing to the night above.

RAPÚN: Never was an Andalusian so tender and so brave.
His voice will continue to resound from the grave.

CHORUS (*all characters except LORCA in unison*)

There under the veil of night
we grasp the bony truth
of all that is not right.

Here, where no moon rises,
in this deep night of nights
we grasp the awful truth
of all that is not right.

The Guadalquivir will continue to flow
the olive trees will continue to grow

on the back of a black horse
like a horseman you'll ride,
your pulse, now gone still
will probe the other side.

Open the balcony
let stars shine in the room
on your bloodied shirt front
three hundred red roses bloom.
The old Moorish fountain
you loved so well
will now rise and sing
your heavenly requiem.

Your forehead is a stone
where dreams refuse to grieve
where waters churn
and bitter oleanders freeze.
Your crimson blood
has burst forth into song
that will sing down the stars
and sing up the dawn.

Your blood comes singing
over the olive grove
Your blood comes singing
to the night above.
The threads of your blood
will weave frills in the sky.
Your words formed in dark blood
will refuse to die.

They can drag the poet from his home
They can kill the poet but not his poems.
Here in our grieving hearts
we celebrate your life and art.
They cannot kill freedom they cannot kill love.
Your words ascend to the heavens above,
will wander to the far corners of the world .
Your mighty voice will always be heard.
They can drag the poet from his home
The can kill the poet but not his poems.

[*From offstage* LORCA *is heard*]

ARIA: LORCA

You can kill the poet

but not his poems.
My words will float
on the backs of doves.
You cannot kill freedom
you cannot kill love.
My songs will be heard
as the bells toll in the dome
you can kill the poet
but not his poems.

From star to star
across the night sky
my words will elude
the bullets that fly.
Poems will burst from my lungs
as the bullets descend.
My words will be sung
again and again.
You can drag the poet
from his home.
You can kill the poet
but not his poems.

[*Rose petals fall*]

FINAL CURTAIN

Appendix A:
Translations of Songs in Part 2

ARIA:
SOLEDAD MONTOYA

In the purple night
full of knives
love departed
love departed
with the firefly.

The firefly fled
just before dawn
with my love
with my love
the firefly fled.

over the mountains
the firefly fled
with my love
with my love
over the sharpened snowdrifts.

Over the crossroads
the firefly fled
with my love
with my love
bury me with the guitar.

***

ARIA:
PASTORA PAVON

In the red dawn
long sobs come.
A broken voice
from under the orange tree
sings its sad song.

Long sobs escape
from its tender mouth
and shoot over the mountains
that inhale its sadness.

The little birds sleeping
in the branches
of the orange tree

hear the sobs
and their little beaks
begin to emit sobs.

The bull and the frog
in the ancient field
also hear the sobs
and like the little birds
begin to emit sobs.

So full of pain
are the sobs
that even the orange grove
begins to weep
and their branches die of love
their branches die of love.

***

Trio

TORRE: A rider on a black steed comes
and stops under the balcony.
Above two beautiful
and lovely sisters await him.

Let me come up!
To the high balcony.
I won't be able to survive.
if I can't come up.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes. Come up to the balcony.

PASTORA: No. No. Stay below.

SOLEDAD: What do you have in your hand of spring?

TORRE: I have a flesh-colored rose
and a white lily
but I can't give them to you
If I can't come up to the balcony.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes. Come up to the balcony.

PASTORA: No. No. Stay below.

PASTORA: What do you have in your hand of winter?

TORRE: I have a large knife
and a long sword
with which I can kill myself
if I can't come up to the balcony.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes. Come up to the balcony.

PASTORA: No. No. Stay below.

TORRE: Filled up with stars
and a yellow moon
is my silken heart,
but I can't give them to you
if I can't come up to the balcony.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes. Come up to the balcony.

PASTORA: No. No. Stay below.

PASTORA: I can't do anything
with a yellow moon.
Don't you have a jewel
in your heart of silk?

TORRE: I have a sincere soul.
I have a heart of silk.
But I don't have a ring.
I don't have a jewel.

SOLEDAD: Well then, come up to the balcony
with your heart of silk.
I don't need a ring,
I don't need a jewel.
If your soul is sincere.
Yes, yes. Come up to the balcony.

PASTORA: No. No. Stay below
if you don't have a ring.
If you don't have money
what can I do
with a sincere soul?

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes. Come up to the balcony.

PASTORA: No. No. Stay below.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes.

PASTORA: No. No.

SOLEDAD: Yes. Yes. Come up to the balcony.

PASTORA: No. No. Stay below.

SOLEDAD: I'm going to come down
from the green balcony
and go with you my handsome one
over the road.

PASTORA: No. No. Stay here.

SOLEDAD: No. No. I'm going.

PASTORA: Yes. Yes. Stay here.

SOLEDAD: No. No. I'm going.

TORRE: And the girl went down
and got on the horse
behind the rider
together with her boy
on the black horse
they went over the road
over the long dusty road.

Suggestions for Further Reading

This is a highly selective list from the huge bibliography of editions of Lorca's works and books about him in many languages. For additional reading, consult the bibliography in the biographies by Ian Gibson and Leslie Stainton listed below.

Works by Federico García Lorca

In Spanish:

Poesia Completa, Galaxia Gutenberg, 2011
Teatro Completo, Galaxia Gutenberg, 2012
Obras Completas Galazia Gutenberg 1996

In English:

Collected Poems, Christopher Maurer (Editor), Farrar, Straus & Giroux 2002
Poet in New York: *Bilingual Edition*, Christopher Maurer (Editor) Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2013

***Poem of the Deep Song – Poema del Cante Jondo*,** translated by Carlos Bauer (includes original Spanish verses). City Lights, 1987

Gypsy Ballads: A Version of the Romancero Gitano of Federico García Lorca Translated by Michael Hartnett. Goldsmith Press, 1973

Barbarous Nights: Legends and Plays from the Little Theatre, translated by Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno, City Lights, 1991
Four Major Plays Oxford University Press 2008
Songs Ed. Daniel Eisenberg Duquesne University Press 1976
Selected Letters New Directions 1983

About Federico García Lorca:

Ian Gibson, *Federico García Lorca: A Life,* Pantheon, 1989
Ian Gibson *Lorca's Granada* Faber & Faber 1992
Ian Gibson *Vida, passion y muerte de Federico García Lorca* Debosillo 2016
Ian Gibson Lorca-Dalí *El amor que no pudo ser* Debolsillo 2016
Francisco García Lorca ***In the Green Morning: Memories of Federico García Lorca*** translated by Christopher Maurer, New Directions, 1986
Christopher Maurer *Sebastian's Arrows: Letters and Memories of Salvador Dali & Federico García Lorca* Swan Isle Press 2004
Christopher Maurer & Andrew Anderson *Federico García Lorca en Nueva York y La Habana* Galaxia Gutenberg 2013
Helen Oppenheimer *Lorca: The Drawings* Franklin Watts 1987
Leslie Stainton**,** *Lorca: A Dream of Life* Farrar Straus & Giroux, 1999

Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno is the author of more than a half-dozen books including acclaimed biographies of Paul Bowles and E.E. Cummings, and a group portrait of American writers in Paris after World War II. He is also well-known as a translator and poet. Until his retirement he taught at MIT for 25 years. He has authored many books published by Alyscamps Press, the most recent of which are *Demons & Spirits: Incantory Poem-Chants of the Contemporary Chol Maya (*2016) and *Dix méditations sur quelques mots d'Antonin Artaud* (2017). He lives in Turners Falls, Massachusetts with his wife, the poet Patricia Pruitt.

Author photo by Andrea Libin

Also by Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno

* From Alyscamps Press.

Poems
Remission
Mussoorie-Montague Miscellany
Les Mots Anglais
Learning to Use Black
*Dix méditations sur quelques mots d'Antonin Artaud**

Non-Fiction
E.E. Cummings: A Biography
*The World's Words: A Semiotic Reading of Joyce and Rabelais**
The Continual Pilgrimage: American Writers in Paris, 1944-1960
An Invisible Spectator: *A Biography of Paul Bowles*
*Mayapan**

Translations
Panait Istrati, *Kyra Kyralina*
Man Ray, Bénjamin Peret, Louis Aragon, *1929* (with Mark Polizotti)*
*Demons & Spirits: Contemporary Chol Mayan Chants & Incantations**
Rafael Alberti, *Concerning the Angels**
Federico García Lorca, *Barbarous Nights*
Destruction of the Jaguar: Poems from the Books of Chilam Balam
Federico García Lorca *Ode to Salvador Dali**

Libretto

The Incident (music by Richard Robinson)

Andrey Kasparov is Professor of Music at Old Dominion University, teaching Composition, Piano and Music Theory. He also directs ODU's New Music Ensemble, co-directs the Norfolk Chamber Consort (ncconsort.org), and is a co-founding member of the award-winning Invencia Piano Duo (invenciaduo.wordpress.com).

A graduate of the Moscow State Conservatory and the Indiana University School of Music in Bloomington, he concertizes, publishes and records internationally. His critically acclaimed releases, in cooperation with pianist Oksana Lutsyshyn, include the four-CD set *Complete Original Works for Piano Duet/Duo* by Florent Schmitt on Naxos Records, as well as *Hommages Musicaux* and *Ignis Fatuus: Piano Music of Adolphus Hailstork* on Albany Records. Also with Lutsyshyn, Kasparov recently completed two CDs with the complete works by Paul Bowles for piano solo and duo released by Naxos. CD 1 received a strong critical endorsement from the Gramophone magazine and was included by Naxos in its Critics' Choice for July 2016.

Among Kasparov's other distinctions are prizes from the Sergei Prokofiev International Composition Competition in Moscow, Russia and the Piano Competition for 20th-Century Music in Orléans, France.

Andrey Kasparov Works (Selective List)

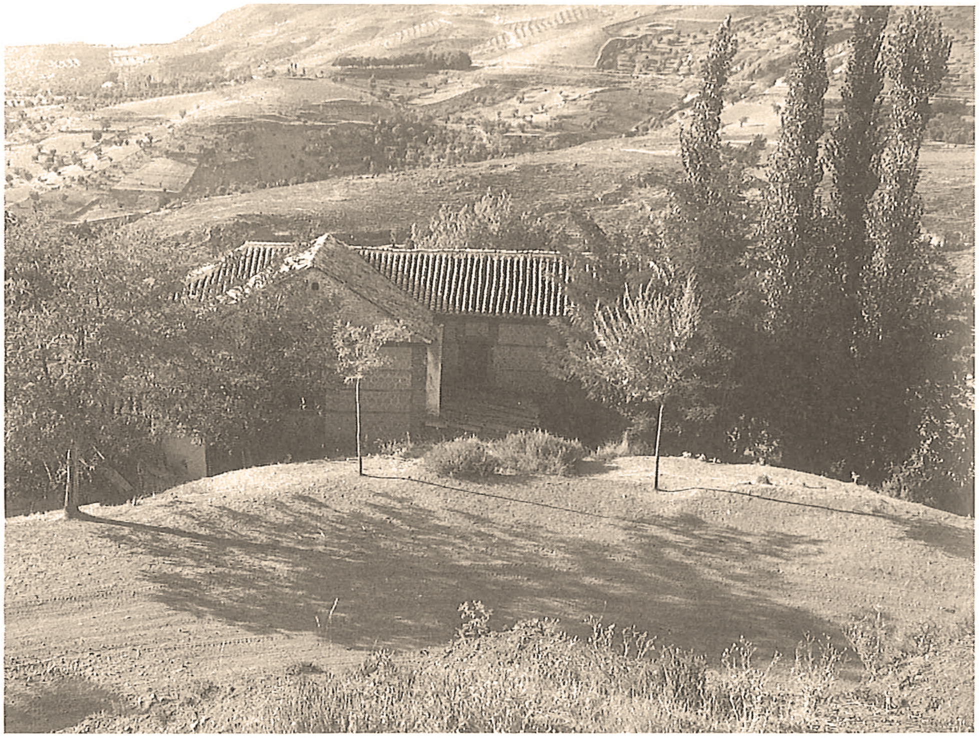
Compositions

[redacted]

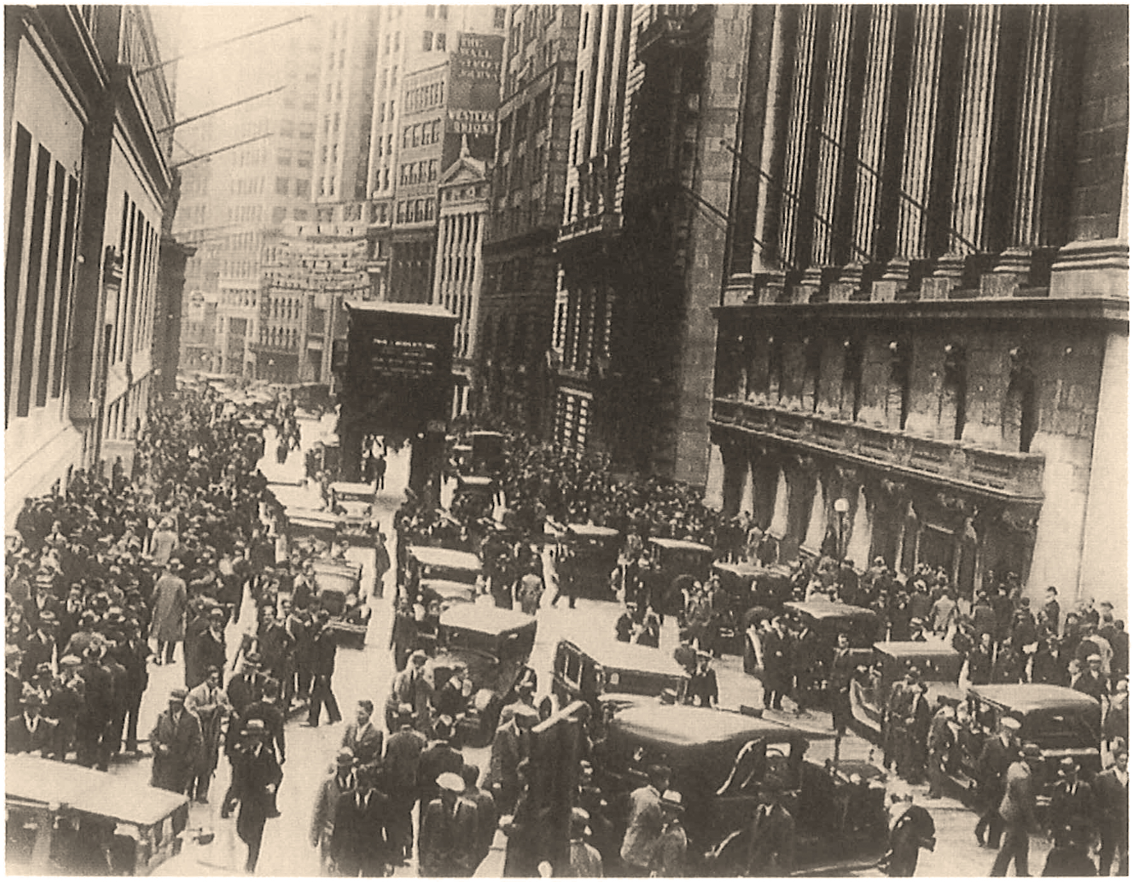
Toccata for piano (1983)
Six Aphorisms for flute, violin and cello (1987)
Piano Sonata No. 1 (1988)
Symphony of Three Cycles for symphony orchestra (1988-1989)
Three Prayers for string quartet (1993); revised version (1998)
[redacted]nata No. 2 (1994)
Perestroika for symphony orchestra (1998)
Nocturne for bassoon, harp, piano and double bass (1998)
Michal for solo clarinet (2000)
Variati[redacted]*eme by Mark Schultz* for horn and piano (2001)
Fantasy on Lutheran Chorales for piano duet (2004)
Iao for dancers, mezzo-soprano and percussion (2005)
Tsitsernakabert for dancers, alto flute, bass/contrabass flute, violin, mezzo-soprano, and percussion (2008)
[redacted]*lla* for bass recorder, great bass recorder and bass viola da gamba (2010)
Cadenza for LvB for solo piano (2010-2011); version for piano duo (2015)
Rhapsody[redacted]*ic Tunes* for solo violin (2012)
Lorca, An Operatic Cycle in 5 parts; libretto by Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno
Part 1 (2015)
Concert Paraphrase on Shostakovich's Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District for piano duo (2016)

Arrangements

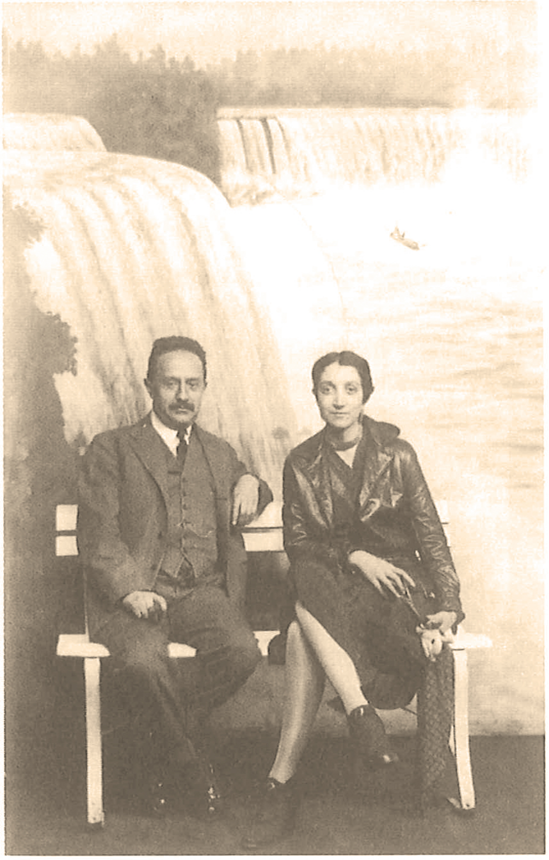
La valse (1919-1920) by Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) arranged for piano duet (2008)
[redacted]*vion* (1984) by As[redacted]1-1992) arranged for solo piano (2012)
Totentanz (1859) by Franz Liszt (1811–1886) arranged for piano duo (2014)
[redacted]*e Mayo* (19[redacted]*by* (1946), *April Fool Baby* (1944?) by Paul Bowles (1910-1999) arranged for piano duet (2014)
Blue Mountain Ballads (1946) by Paul Bowles (1910-1999) arranged for piano duet (2014)
Books 1 (1906) and Book 2 (1907) of *Iberia* by Isaac Albéniz (1890-1909) arranged for piano duo (2015)
Divertissement from *The Nutcracker* (1891-1892) by Pyotr Tchaikovsky (1840-1853) arranged for piano duet (2016)



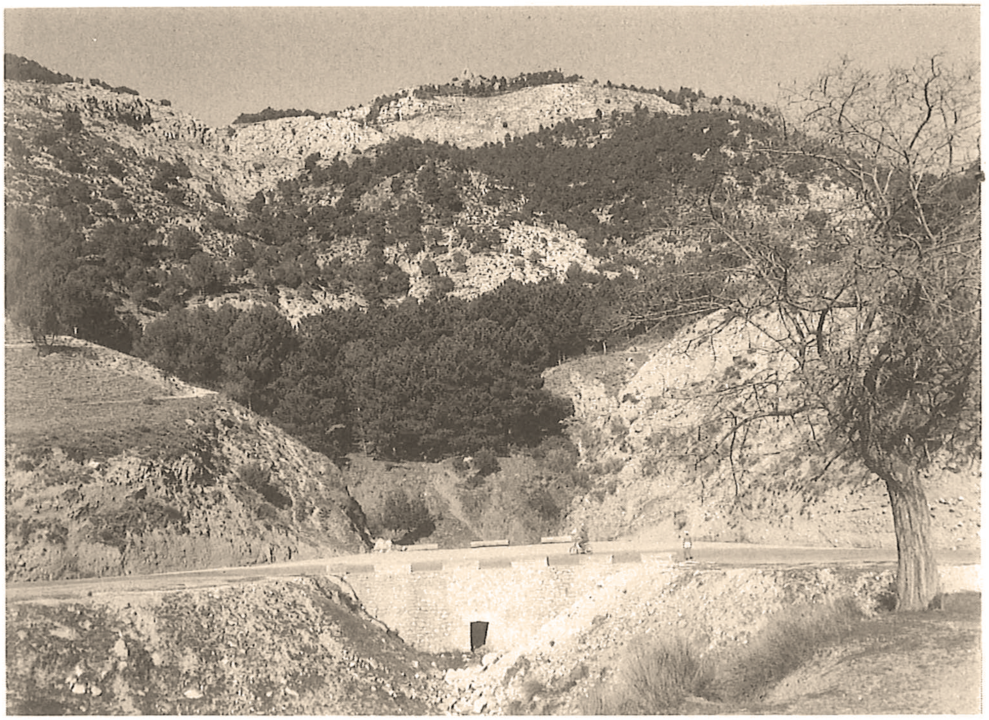
7b The old mill in Víznar, known as the 'Colonia', where Lorca spent his last hours. The building no longer exists.



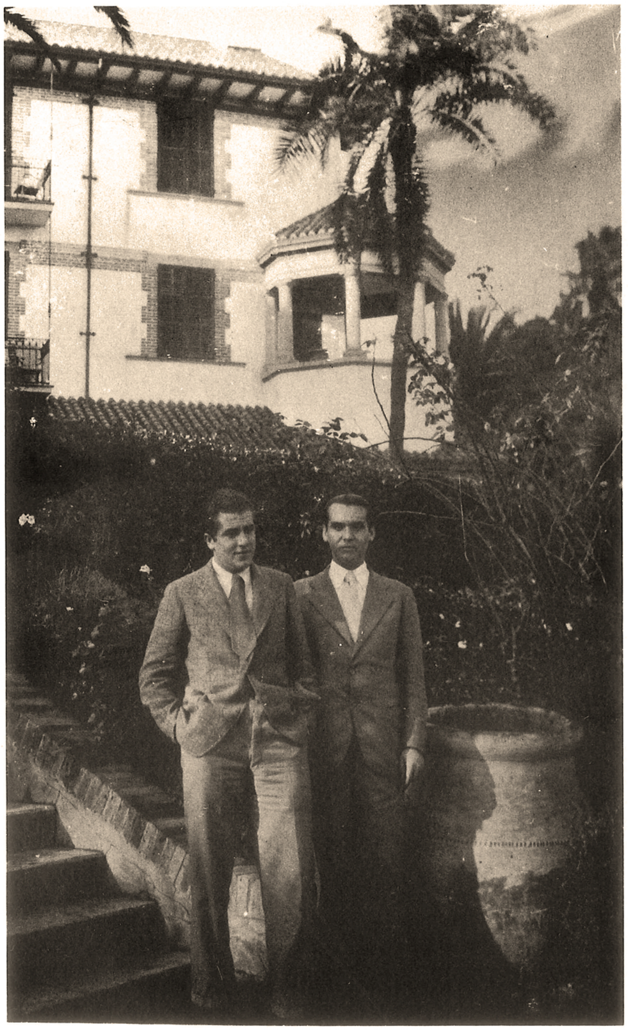
Wall Street, octubre de 1929, durante la crisis financiera. Col. particular.



María Antonieta Rivas y el político mexicano José Vasconcelos, con dedicatoria de ella en el dorso: «Luna de miel de Antoñita y el Dragón. En Niagara Falls el 11 del mes de diciembre de 1929. Este retrato para el archivo secreto, Federico mío; solo usted y nosotros lo tendrá [*sic*]». Vasconcelos había entrado en los Estados Unidos después de su derrota en las elecciones presidenciales de noviembre de 1929. AFFGL



8a The pine-clothed slopes of the *barranco* (gulley) at Víznar, where most of the executions were carried out.



31 With Rafael Rodríguez Rapún in the gardens of the Hotel Reina Cristina, Algeciras (by courtesy of Don Gonzalo Menéndez Pidal).

LORCA: An Operatic Cycle in Five Parts
The Original Libretto

By
Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno

was published in Paris in a limited edition of
thirty numbered copies,
signed by the author and publisher,
for private distribution.

This is copy ________.

Five additional deluxe hardbound copies were specially bound and identified by the letters
L-O-R-C-A

Each contains an additional essay on Lorca's sojourn in Cuba,
An artifact recalling Federico García Lorca
&
a commemorative postage stamp.